

Américas

KILOWATTS FOR PROSPERITY

New power for Mexico's
homes and factories

TREASURE HUNT

The search for Indians'
and pirates' gold

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

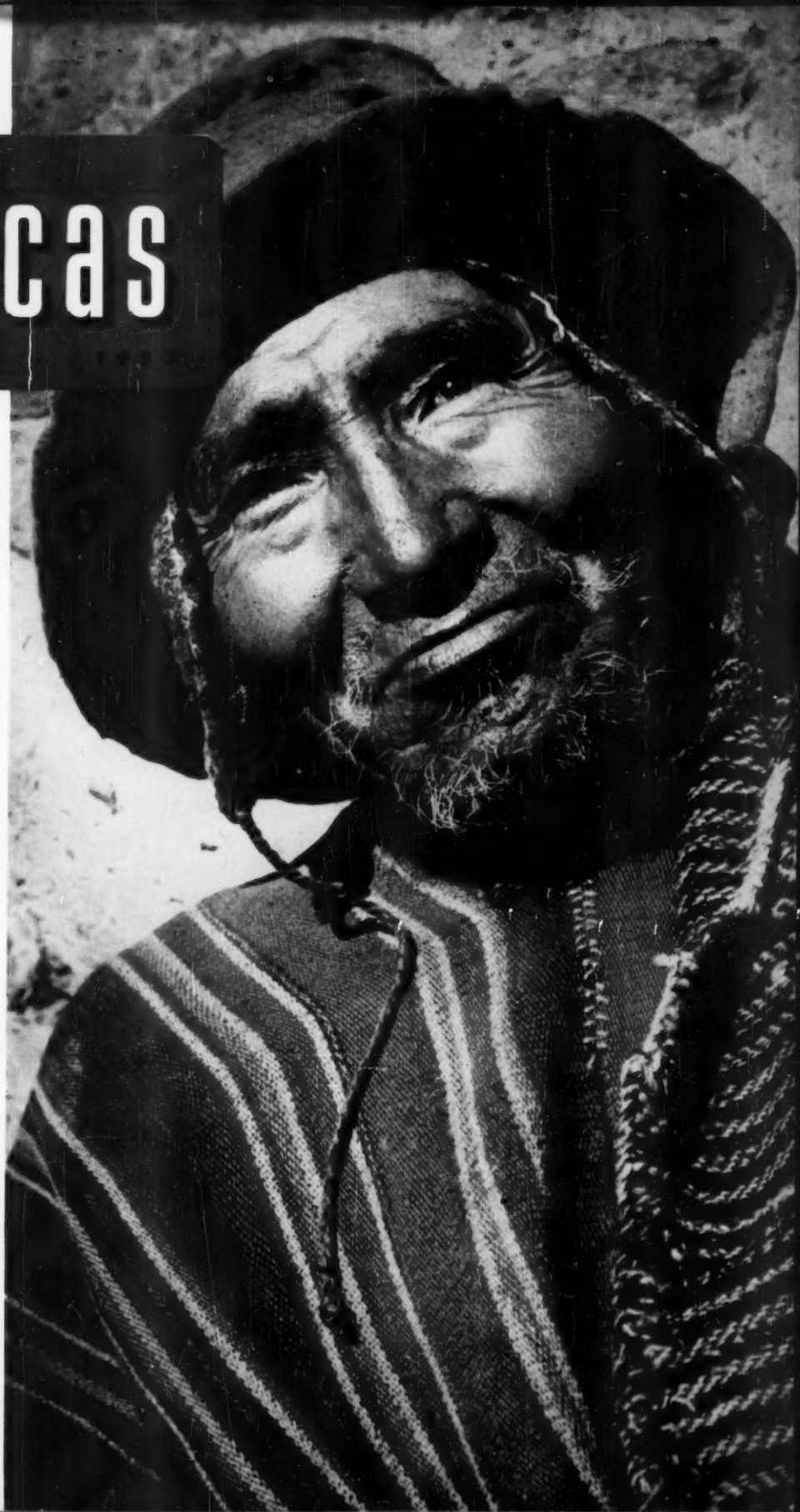
Motoring from Caracas
to Buenos Aires

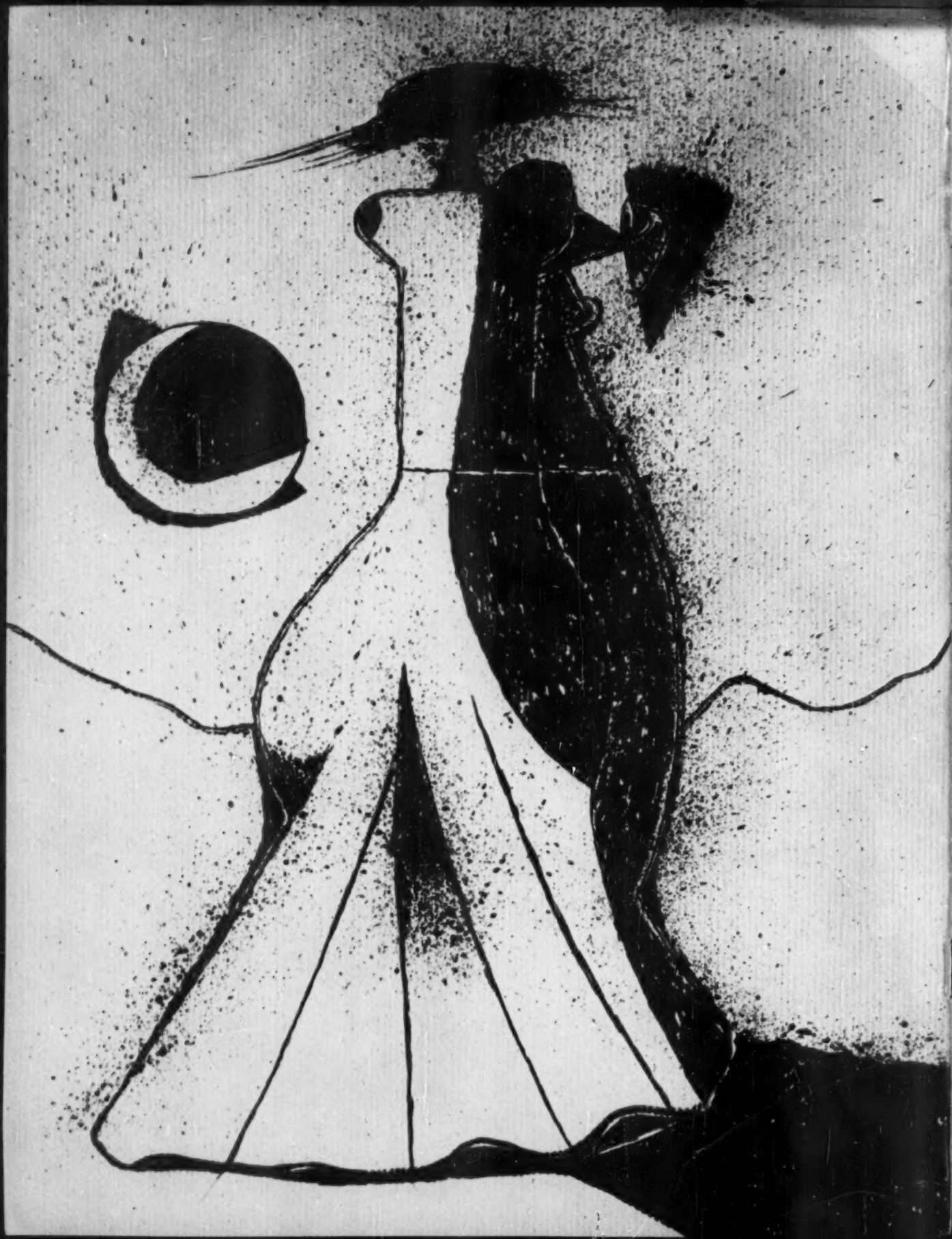
Chile's Far South inspires

THE LAST FAIRY TALE

25
cents

*Indian from Pisac, Peru. You can
now motor through his country
on the Pan American Highway
(see page 16)*





Américas

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Dear Reader

The centenary of the birth of José Martí will be celebrated this year not only in Cuba, his homeland, but throughout the Western Hemisphere.

When the OAS Council decided last November to pay tribute to his memory, it was faithfully reflecting the feelings of millions of Americans who admire Martí, his writings, his extraordinary life of intellectual ferment, and the result of his sacrifice—that is, his country. This feeling, which is constantly spreading—and which was warmly shared in his lifetime by all who had the privilege of knowing him—is the just requitement of Martí's own deep affection for everything American.

The Cuban hero, who considered his country a nation in captivity, had, perhaps for that very reason, a very broad conception of continental fraternity, found to a similar degree only in the leaders of the Spanish American independence movements. Perhaps it was even more fully developed in Martí, for few of our founding fathers knew the United States as well as he or participated so intensely in the life of that country. Another exception in this respect was Sarmiento.

Martí lived in Mexico. He traveled through all the Caribbean and Central American countries. He wrote for the Hemisphere's principal newspapers, especially Argentina's. He acquired intimate knowledge of the policies of the American governments, not as an amateur, but out of the necessity for seeking aid for the Cuban cause everywhere. He corresponded with the great figures of America and was also one of the most sincere and vigorous critics of the Hemisphere's literature, art, and politics of his day.

He was really a prodigious man, surrounded by the most hostile fortune. Of no one else could it more fittingly be said that glory is the sunlight of the dead. Fortunately, because of Cuba's mystical devotion to Martí, much of his work, which would otherwise have been lost, has been reconstructed. His letters, poems, and other writings reveal to us today a typical European figure of the end of the century, but one whose purity and fervent idealism, however, seem American—for during the nineteenth century all of Spanish America was a colony of romanticism.

Never was there a more premature death than his. Reading his pages today, we equally regret that he could not have devoted more time to enriching American literature and that he could not have lived to try out his governmental thinking in the republic that owes its creation principally to his tenacity and prophetic vision.

More than once this year AMERICAS will deal with Martí, his life and his work.

Alberto Lleras
Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



Anita de Calers, have appeared in the papers of Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, Mexico, Peru, and Uruguay.

During a recent trip to Mexico, Prague-born journalist ANITA VON KAHLER was particularly impressed by the booming electrification program she deals with in "Kilowatts for Prosperity." Miss von Kahler began her newspaper work in England during the war, as London correspondent of the French daily *Le Jour-Echo de Paris*. In 1946 she joined the France-Presse news agency, and since May 1949 has covered Latin American affairs for its Washington bureau. Her articles, under the pen-name



also taught at the Cornish School of Art in Seattle, Washington.

Artist, author, educator, and lecturer, ANITA MOORE, who contributes "Brazilian Cave Paintings," has traveled widely in many lands and recently returned from a South American tour. Her work as an artist has been shown on the east and west coasts of the United States and was last on view at the annual exhibit of the Art Association of Newport, Rhode Island. Miss Moore has contributed to art publications here and abroad, and formerly wrote a daily newspaper column. She has



What started out as a brief encounter with South America via the Pan American Highway for twenty-seven-year-old MAURICE ROBINE (author of "The South American Way") ended up as a four-year sojourn. During that time he was assistant editor of the English-language newspaper *The Caracas Journal* and foreign editor of the weekly news magazine *Semana* of Bogotá, and launched a bilingual radio program in Santiago, Chile, called *Escuela Melódica* (School of Melody). A journalism graduate of the University of Missouri, he served as a combat infantryman with the U.S. army in Europe, and now works as a Spanish and French translator in New York.

JOAQUÍN VARGAS COTO, of the San José daily *La Nación*, is the author of "Doris and the Indians." Editorial writer and assistant director of the paper, Mr. Vargas Coto has been active in the newspaper game for thirty-five years and has represented Costa Rica at many international press conferences. At the moment he

is in the United States on a three-month travel grant from the State Department, conferring with editors throughout the country.



The delightful whimsy in "The Last Fairy Tale" is typical of the approach of one of Chile's foremost novelists, BENJAMÍN SUBERCASEAUX. English-speaking readers may be familiar with two of his books published in the United States: *From West to East, Five Chilean Stories*, which came out in 1940, and a translation of *Chile o una Loca Geografía* that appeared the same year under the title *Chile, A Geographic Extravaganza*. Born in Santiago in 1902, Mr. Subercaseaux attended medical school for three years at the University of Chile and later studied psychology at the University of Paris. Another of his multiple interests is seafaring, and he has taught navigation from time to time. His latest novel is *Jemmy Button*, published in 1950; his latest book, an anthology published this year.



Although staff editor MARY REYNOLDS disclaims any interest in gold-digging, we strongly suspect that she garnered her information about the Oak Island "Money Pit," which she describes in "Treasure Hunt," during a trip last summer to Nova Scotia. She's also had a chance to collect lore on the subject in Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, and Panama (where she took a walk on the storied Gold Road on which Drake buried fifteen tons of silver). Miss Reynolds hails from Wellesley, Massachusetts, is a graduate of—naturally—Wellesley College. Before coming to the Pan American Union to help turn out the nations booklet series and the *Bulletin*, she worked in the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress. She's been with AMERICAS since it started, in 1949.

Puerto Rican-born ANGEL FLORES sent the round-up of recent Mexican fiction for the book section from Mexico on his way to Chile, where he will deliver a series of lectures. Professor at Queens College in New York, critic, and translator of many literary works from Spanish into English and vice versa, he made available to the English-speaking public *Chile, A Geographic Extravaganza*, by another of this month's contributors to AMERICAS, Benjamin Subercaseaux. DUNCAN AIKMAN, of Washington, D.C., who reviews *The Challenge to Isolation*, is best known in the inter-American field for his penetrating newspaper and magazine articles on political developments in the Western Hemisphere and for his book *The All American Front*. Brazilian staff member BENEDICTA QUIRINO DOS SANTOS takes a look at *The Herblock Book* from the standpoint of the resident foreigner.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



Gleaming steel tubes carry water to Santa Bárbara turbines, part of Mexico's Miguel Alemán Hydroelectric System

KILOWATTS FOR PROSPERITY

**Mexico's Federal Electricity Commission provides the power
for country's economic development**

Anita von Kahler

ONE DAY not long ago the El Paso, Texas, power plant broke down, a mishap that might have caused a minor catastrophe in that area of Southwest Texas. It did not. A telephone call to the other side of the border saved the day: the Mexican plant at Ciudad Juárez fed power to Texan wires until repairs could be made.

This reversal of a traditional situation—Mexico providing technical aid for its powerful northern neighbor—illustrates a striking postwar phenomenon in that part of the world, the development of a vast electrification program to stimulate Mexican progress and prosperity. Throughout its widespread territory, from the tropical southern zones to the arid regions of the North, power plants are springing up to give even the smallest communities electricity for homes, stores, hospitals, school-

rooms, water supply systems, and factories, and to revitalize areas until recently abandoned to nature. Thanks largely to that program, Mexico, which only a few years ago depended almost entirely upon agriculture and oil for its national income, has made gigantic strides during the last decade toward diversifying its economy.

In 1937 the Mexican Government, under the administration of President Lázaro Cárdenas, created the Federal Electricity Commission, with the exploitation of Mexico's dormant riches in mind. The task assigned to this government agency was to "organize and direct a national system of generation, transmission, and distribution of electric power, based upon technical and economic principles, non-profit, and with the aim of obtaining, at minimum cost, maximum benefits for the nation."



Flourishing industrial zone of Tlalnepanitla near Mexico City is already taxing power supply. New plants are being built



Mexico's Federal Electricity Commission has its headquarters in this new glass-walled building in the capital



Alemán System transmission lines bring electricity across country to Mexico City from generators 160 miles away

The Commission began operations with limited funds from a two-room office in downtown Mexico City. Today, it owns a twelve-story building overlooking Chapultepec Park. Its total assets amount to 145 million dollars. Its revenues come from the sale of bonds, the proceeds of a 10 per cent levy on the consumption of electric power, and funds assigned to it by the government. It employs a growing number of Mexican skilled and unskilled workers at wages ranging from eight to twelve pesos a day for the peons and from eighteen to forty-five pesos for mechanics, according to the cost of living in the area of their employment. (By Mexican standards, these wages are high, with milk at one peso per litre, a bread-roll at ten centavos, a kilo of tortilla dough at thirty centavos in the corn-growing areas and up to eighty centavos in the North.)

The Federal Electricity Commission's administration and policy-making is the responsibility of a five-member Administrative Council, presided over by the Secretary of Economy. The Commission's operating staff is composed of a director-general, a deputy director-general, and an *oficial mayor* (manager), all government appointees entrusted with the study, execution, and operation of the Commission's works.

Federal Electricity Commission activities to develop Mexico's power resources were boosted considerably in 1947, with the coming into office of President Miguel Alemán. The results speak for themselves. In 1939 the Commission's investments in the various power plants totaled four million pesos and it took ten years to increase them to 168 million, while by 1952 they had jumped to 1,396 million pesos. The total production of kilowatt-hours rose from 119,600 kwh in 1939 to over one billion in 1952. The Commission's high-tension power lines have grown from a total length of 386 miles in 1946 to today's 1,340 miles, while the distribution network has passed the 286-mile mark.

Step by step, adapting plans to the country's topography, the network is growing. The Commission has subjugated rivers and streams in the mountainous areas—the cheapest power-producing method—and has installed steam generators or Diesel motors in the plains. As a result, the lights are going on in many towns for the first time.

Among the impressive projects presently under construction, the Miguel Alemán Hydroelectric System ranks first. In the rugged mountainous state of Mexico, some 160 miles south of the capital, the harnessed waters of the Salitre, the Ixtapán del Oro, and Zitácuaro Rivers converge from east and west into valleys situated at different levels. These waters run the turbines of the Alemán System's two powerful plants at Ixtapantongo and Santa Bárbara. Already the booming industries in the state of Mexico are taxing these plants to the utmost, and before the end of 1953, completion of three new plants will considerably speed up the state's industrial life.

Construction of the Alemán System has in no way impaired the savage beauty of the landscape. Limpid lakes, the system's reservoirs, reflect sky and mountain

peaks. A bend in the tortuous roads bordered by fields of maguey suddenly reveals a building of marble and concrete. Were it not for the steel towers a few feet away, no one would associate it with a modern industrial system. In the distance, a silvery stream descends from a mountaintop; it is not water, but a steel tube conducting it from reservoir to generator, civilizing its wild flow. But everywhere man has succeeded in taming nature without infringing upon its primitive splendor.

The gleaming installations of the electrification program are appearing in remote sections where, from time immemorial, a small fire and a burro have been a luxury. Miles of fields, tilled by ox-drawn plows, stretch through valleys strewn with mud huts. The inhabitants, slender, copper-colored Indians astride mules and donkeys, barefoot women carrying earthenware jugs on their heads, live as their ancestors lived centuries before the conquistadors. Modern civilization is apparent only in the transmission towers, cones of silver lace that punctuate the landscape as far as the eye can see.

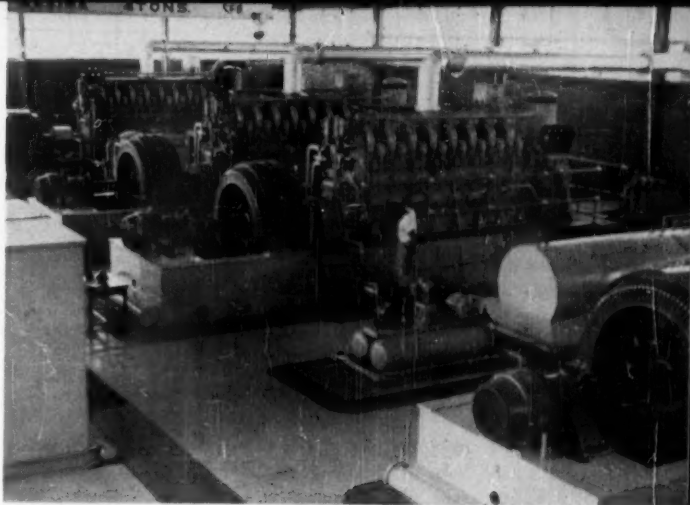
The village of Santo Tomás de los Plátanos is typical of the anachronism found in the Mexican panorama. A steep winding road dropping some two hundred feet from the Santa Bárbara plant leads to this Indian village through a tropical grove of mangoes and coffee trees. The flat odor of tortillas and dried fish permeates the narrow street, where handfuls of coffee grains dry in the sun. A pig's head and some gray slabs of fly-specked pork are offered for sale from a stand. Unsmiling barefoot children crouch on the doorstep of their mud huts. Inside one, a mother rocks her baby in a cradle of twigs hanging from a beam. A madonna graces the unpainted wall, and the furniture consists of a low sarape-covered bed and a table. A few hens peck crumbs off the floor. No other sound or movement.

Next year the Commission plans to rebuild this village farther up the mountain, for a projected reservoir will flood the valley. As in scores of similar towns, the installation of electricity at Santo Tomás de los Plátanos opens up new horizons for the population: light for their homes, stores, and schoolrooms; the possibility of installing small motors to operate the all-important nextamal mills for the preparation of tortilla-dough; the manufacture of ice and other small industries for home supplies; perhaps they will even have radios.

A few miles from this ancient, somber stronghold of Indian memories, the seemingly deserted and hidden isles of modern science established by the Miguel Alemán System are controlled from a miniature city. Named "Colorines" after an ancient estancia of the area, expropriated during the Mexican Revolution, this new town of 4,000 people lies on the edge of the lake that constitutes a reservoir for the Ixtapantongo plant. Villas surrounded by flowering gardens house the Commission engineers and their families. A cluster of mud huts around the inevitable marketplace is the workers' domain. Besides its tiny whitewashed church, Colorines boasts a hotel for the Commission's traveling employees and a group of luxurious bungalows, reserved for V.I.P.'s like

(Continued on page 30)

Steam-driven plant at Gómez Palacio in Durango State feeds cotton-growing area producing 250,000 bales a year



Three Diesel-driven generators light Acapulco Bay, where a bigger power plant is under construction



This 25,000-kilowatt steam thermoelectric plant serves semitropical Guaymas on the Gulf of California



The magical divining rod was long believed to be an indispensable aid in locating buried treasure



Mary G. Reynolds

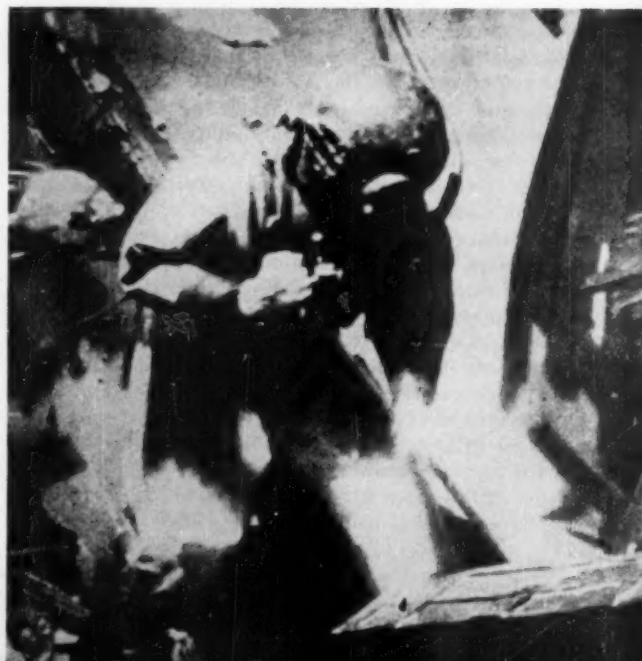
THE THOUGHT of gold-filled galleons on the bottom of the sea or treasure chests buried in the white sands of tropical islands has never lost its power to fire the imagination and lure men away from surer but slower paths to prosperity. Torn and grimy charts, supposedly drawn by the faltering hands of dying pirates, still turn up, and more money has no doubt gone into searching for the sea rovers' ill-gotten goods than all those lusty gentlemen together ever had their hands on.

The rugged game of treasure hunting began in the Western Hemisphere when the Spaniards set greedy eyes on the Indians' ceremonial gold and silver, and the rightful owners made frantic efforts to find safe places to put it—efforts that were amazingly successful. When Cortés and his men finally took the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, they did not find the fortune in precious metals they had expected. The youthful emperor Cuauhtémoc told them under torture that much gold had been thrown into Lake Texcoco, but diving brought up very little. The mystery remains unsolved, and even today if you travel through out-of-the-way places in Mexico and Central America you hear frequent rumors of fresh new clues that will surely lead to the lost treasure of the Aztecs.

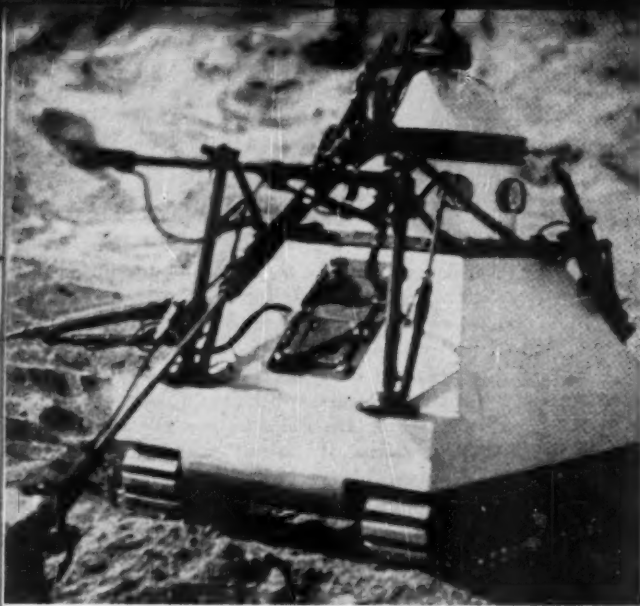
The Incas too turned out to be masters at the art of stashing things away. Even though the Spanish invaders collected a roomful of gold as ransom for Atahualpa before they strangled him, and later took from the temple at Cuzco two hundred and eighty-five litters full of precious metals, each so heavy it had to be carried

by four men, the chronicler Pedro Cieza de León insists that "the Spaniards got very little compared with what remained." Most writers on the subject claim there are at least five separate hoards located somewhere in the fastnesses of the Andes, and many are convinced that knowledge of their location has been handed down among the Indians of the region from father to son through all the generations, the secret being closely guarded by a deathly fear of ancestral vengeance.

Juan Valverde, a Spanish soldier who married an Inca princess, is supposed to have been led by his father-in-law to one of these caches—a cave in the mountains of what is now Ecuador—and to have made several success-



Diver finds a treasure chest in the broken carcass of a ship at the bottom of the Caribbean



Submarine tractor tank designed by Harry E. Rieseberg and Charles G. Warren has five huge cranes for salvage work on the ocean floor

The endless search for fortunes in the lands and waters of the Western Hemisphere

Hunt

ful trips to draw on its contents. When he died, he left a guide to the treasure, which he willed to the King of Spain.

Despite its seeming clarity, this guide is full of contradictions and pitfalls, and for four hundred years expeditions have tried in vain to follow it. In 1935 Captain E. Erskine Loch, a retired British army officer, who had been intrigued by an English translation of it in the New York Public Library, decided to combine a scientific exploration of the area with an effort to follow in Valverde's footsteps. Starting in the town of Pillaro (which is indebted to Valverde for a steady stream of eager transients to be fed, housed and outfitted), they found many of the landmarks mentioned in the guide—"the mountain of Guapa," the three peaks "in the form of a triangle," the "great black lake," the "canyon between two hills which is the Way of the Inca. . . ." But in the end the lost cave eluded them, although when they got down into the steaming Oriente region they did find a gold-bearing river bed that Loch is convinced was one of the Incas' sources.

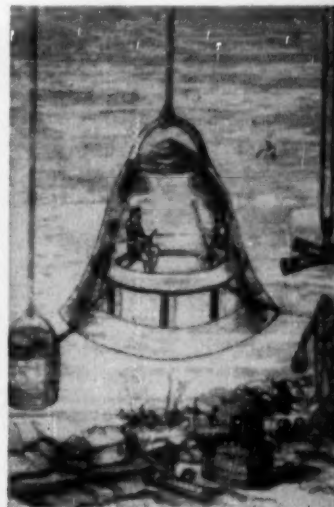
No mention of ancient American treasure trove can fail to recall the long and bloody search for that imaginary golden kingdom—El Dorado. Most of those who risked everything to find it never realized that El Dorado was literally a "Gilded Man." The roots of the legend were finally found in the Chibcha chieftains' practice of covering their bodies with powdered gold and plunging into the waters of Guatavita, a crater lake in what is now

Colombia's Department of Cundinamarca, while their attendants cast in fabulous offerings of gold and emeralds. The conquistadors failed in their efforts to retrieve these, and so did their descendants for centuries. In the early 1900's a Colombian-British company found a way to drain the lake, but the project had to be abandoned when the thirty feet of mud on the bottom hardened into a cement-like consistency on being uncovered. Net proceeds were about ten thousand dollars' worth of small ornaments and precious stones.

A wide new field for treasure seekers was opened up when the Spanish colonists started trying to ship the wealth of the Indies back to the mother country through ill-charted and pirate-haunted seas. Innumerable galleons were doomed by the elements, and countless others fell prey to the buccaneers, who proceeded to stuff the loot into nooks and crevices on lonely cliffs and beaches up and down the Hemisphere.

Bona fide tales of buried treasure began to multiply. Sir Francis Drake, for example, wrote on one occasion, after he and his men had hijacked a mule train on Panama's famous Gold Road: "And because we ourselves were wearie we were contented with a few barres and quoits of golde as we coulede well cary; burying about 15 tunne of silver partly in the burrowes which the great land crabs had made in the earth and partly under olde Trees fallen thereabout and partly in the sande and gravell of a River not very depe of water." According to the records, neither they nor their victims ever recovered all of those "15 tunne." Another time, to lighten the good ship *Golden Hind* for an ocean crossing, Drake dropped forty-five tons of silver over the side near what has since been called the Island of Plate, and although the approximate spot where this pile of precious metal went down is known, no one has ever been able to locate it.

Halley's bell allowed divers to stay down for hours, supplied by kegs of fresh air



Earliest diving bells were merely deep wooden tubs that retained the air when inverted and lowered into the water



William Phips, who won fame, fortune, and power through treasure hunting



Not that there were no attempts. Most sunken treasure hardly touched bottom before kings and commoners started trying to retrieve it. This was no new activity; accounts of undersea probings go back to 460 B. C., when Herodotus told of Xerxes sending a Greek diver named Scyllis after the treasure in wrecked Persian ships.

One of the most sought-after of the many vessels that had gone to a watery grave by the mid-seventeenth century was a ship from a Spanish treasure fleet that struck a reef and sank off the coast of Hispaniola in 1642. Forty-four years later William Phips, a blustery sea captain from Maine, won the backing of a group of

in the water over Ambrosia Bank, northeast of the present town of Puerto Plata in the Dominican Republic. He went down after it and a few seconds later came up trembling with news of huge guns and scattered pieces-of-eight near the plant. When Phips was advised of this, he immediately ordered all hands to work, and for the next six weeks the divers brought up endless quantities of plate, coins, jewels, ingots of gold, and silver bullion. It was one of the greatest finds in history. When the expedition finally returned to London it was carrying treasure trove worth an estimated two hundred thousand pounds, exclusive of the jewels. Phips became the toast of all England, and James II (whose share of the treasure amounted to twenty thousand pounds) knighted him for his loyal service and later made him Governor of Massachusetts.

This event quickened the pulse of many an adventurer. All kinds of salvage schemes vied with one another to attract capital, and inventors worked around the clock on new types of diving apparatus. Particularly interesting was the lead-coated diving bell built in 1693 by Dr. Edmund Halley (more often associated with comets), which could be supplied with air by two lead-lined barrels lowered alternately, thus enabling divers to stay under water for much longer intervals.

Uncounted lives and fortunes were jeopardized in feverish search for the silent, rotting hulls of the known wrecks: the *Santa Cruz*, which went down in the waters of Manta Bay, Ecuador, in 1680 with its strong room full of silver; the *Santa Cecilia*, which was dashed against the rocky coast of Chile's Más Afuera Island in 1702; the fourteen gold-filled galleons that foundered off Long Cap near Key West in 1751; and all the hundreds of others that dotted the warm waters of the Caribbean.

Finally, a hundred and forty-four years after Phips' stroke of good luck, miserly King Neptune gave up another rich prize. On a stormy December night in 1830 the British frigate *Thetis* was blown against the sheer cliffs of Cabo Frio near Rio de Janeiro and carried a fortune in gold and silver to the bottom. The sloop-of-war *Lightning* happened to be in Rio at the time, and her commander, Captain Thomas Dickinson, was given permission to have a go at recovering the loss. Finding none of the necessary equipment available, he had a diving bell made out of two iron water tanks and water hose converted into air hose with tar and canvas. A huge derrick, built with the broken masts and spars of the *Thetis*, was erected on the cliff above the place where the wreck rested, and the makeshift bell was suspended from it like the sinker on the end of a fishline. In fourteen months of death-defying labor the men and officers of the *Lightning* brought up about three quarters of the valuables, much to the gratification of the British Admiralty.

Meanwhile, there had been no slackening of the quest for lost wealth on dry land, and real-life treasure islands mushroomed on the map of the Hemisphere. One of these was Cocos, a lonely, fever-ridden piece of Costa Rican territory rising out of the Pacific four hundred miles

(Continued on page 41)



Medals struck in honor of Phips' discovery, with mottoes reading "May thy hook always be hanging" and "All things from water"

wealthy Englishmen and headed for the Caribbean. Cotton Mather left us a vivid description of Phips: "He was very tall, beyond the common set of men and thick as well as tall and strong as well as thick. He was in all respects exceedingly robust, and able to conquer such difficulties of diet and travel as would have killed most men alive. Nor did the fat whereinto he grew in his later years take away the vigor of his motions."

In January 1687 a diver in a longboat sent out from one of Phips' ships noticed a strange-colored coral plant

Doris and the INDIANS

**U.S. woman heads program bringing
civilization to Costa Rican tribes**

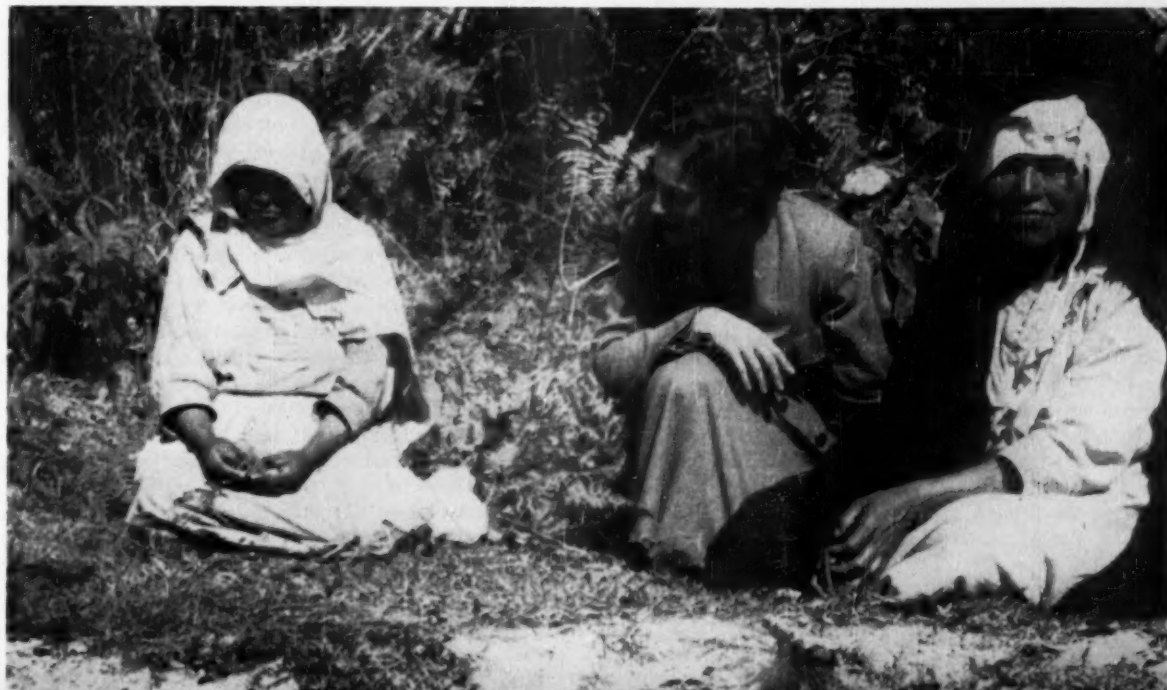
Joaquín Vargas Coto

WHEN THE COSTA RICAN section of the Pan American Highway was being planned in 1945, the question of the Indians suddenly arose. Indians? There were so few in Costa Rica that hardly anybody ever gave them much thought. But there they were, their territory lying athwart the proposed route; surely the highway would have a profound influence on these people, many of whom do not even speak Spanish, and with it would come opportunists to claim the lands they occupied. As a first step in the clearly essential task of making them full-fledged, self-reliant citizens, the government appointed a committee to set up a system of education for

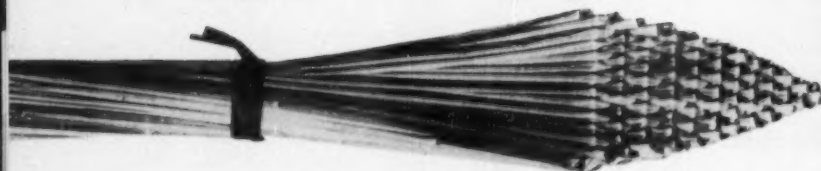
them. At its head was—incongruous as it may seem to the outsider—a U.S. woman who lives in San José and with her husband owns a coffee finca: Doris Stone.

This was no capricious choice. Doris Zemurray Stone probably knows more about the Costa Rican Indians than anyone else. When she moved here in 1941, she brought along as equipment formal training as an anthropologist and a background of long experience elsewhere in Central America. Her father, Samuel Zemurray, was for many years president of the United Fruit Company, and spent much time in Honduras. Six months old at the time of her first visit there, Doris returned

Anthropologist Doris Stone; now living in Costa Rica but noted for work all over Central America, with Lenca women of Intibucá, Honduras



Boruca family. Only the old woman clings to native dress—a loose blouse and a wrapped manta (skirt) of heavy hand-woven, striped cotton



Maraca of woven purplish and tan straw, filled with corn, is one of few aboriginal instruments still in use among Borucas. They have no music of their own

every year until she graduated from college. She grew to know the indigenous groups through the Indians who worked for the company but still maintained contact with their people in the mountains, and through others who came at intervals to buy and sell. By the time she entered Radcliffe College she had chosen her profession. (It was there that she met Roger Stone, then a graduate student of electrical engineering at Harvard University. They have two children, a son at Princeton and a daughter about to enter college.) She did graduate work at Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology, of which she is now a research fellow, and at the Middle American Research Institute of Tulane University. Years of field work followed; as Dr. Alfred M. Tozzer said in his foreword to her *Archeology of the North Coast of Honduras*, "There is no one who knows the area better. . . . She has traversed the region by all possible media and has labored there for long periods and in all seasons." She has done the same in Costa Rica.

Her predecessors are few. Not until almost the turn of the century could Costa Rica spare time for its native peoples from the work of nation-building. A few hundred, those nearest to the "white" towns, were converted to Christianity. Monsignor Bernardo Augusto Thiel, second bishop of Costa Rica, visited them often, as did Henri Pittier. Both wrote accounts of their life and customs, and made studies of various dialects. The Apostolic Vicar of Limón, Monsignor Blessing, was another who took an interest in them. Professor Carlos Gagini, an eminent linguist, left valuable notes on Indian languages.

The principal Indian groups in Costa Rica today are the Chorotegas and Guatusos in the north, the Talamancans on the Atlantic side, and the Terrabas and Borucas on the Pacific. Each is divided into small tribes that



House roofs are always thatched, but walls may be of either vertically or horizontally placed poles, plastered with mud or not

speak different dialects and sometimes are traditional enemies. They are not like proud Aztecs or Incas brought low. The Spanish conquerors, who came early in the sixteenth century, found the inhabitants living in terrible poverty. The Chorotegas, who came from Chiapas in the fourteenth century and settled around the gulf of Nicoya, were the most advanced—so their stone, clay, and gold artifacts tell us—but on the whole it was a mediocre civilization. Fewer than thirty thousand in number, they farmed in a primitive fashion, panned their gold from the rivers—they did not know how to work mines—and had a more or less complicated two-class society. Though the Maya and, to a lesser extent, the Aztec civilizations had pushed into other parts of Central America, they had scarcely touched Costa Rica. Chibcha culture, moving up into Panama from Colombia, had barely penetrated the southern region. Costa Rica was a sort of no-man's-land, at most a corridor between the powerful empires to the north and south.

Sometimes, as the Spaniards spread out over their springlike valleys and cool plateaus, the Indians fought to defend their lands, but there was no such epic resistance as elsewhere in America. On the whole they preferred to withdraw into the forests, exploited or else ignored. The winning of independence in 1821 left them still forgotten; indeed, the conquerors, who explored the country from end to end in a vain search for fabulous treasure like that of Peru, had known more about the Indians than did Costa Ricans of the last century. Slowly disease, malnutrition, and long bouts with fermented-corn *chicha* wiped out their villages. Only about five thousand are left.

To study these shy, justifiably suspicious people it would first be necessary to win their trust. Mrs. Stone



Mrs. Stone poses with masked dancers from Vara Alta, Intibucá. Her interest in Indians dates from girlhood in Honduras



Artifacts of the Borucas (from left): haba, their typical basket; doll; gourd maracas; carved, painted mask; man's belt on four-legged bench of pure Indian design; sieve

and her colleagues—Porfirio Góngora; Federico Gutiérrez Braun, an engineer; Professor José María Chaverri; Dr. Fernando Escalante; and the late Arturo Tinoco—moved slowly. At first, language was a serious barrier, and they had to bring in an ethnologist to interpret for them. They returned increasingly often, and began to bring others with them. A companion of Mrs. Stone's on her early visits relates an incident that illustrates her method. After twice being received in a hut on the edge of the forest, the third time she was offered a native-style meal of venison and *chicha*. With no hesitation she set to, and her Indian hosts, clearly pleased (whites generally refused, some going so far as to suspect poison), at once invited her to accompany them into the forest. A labyrinth of crisscrossed trails led the party to the *cacique's* headquarters, where she was given every mark of attention and respect. Most outsiders wait for days in the "anteroom," and frequently get no farther, but all roads are open to Mrs. Stone.

An observer who saw her in action a few years ago at a congress of archeologists in Honduras describes her as "tall, slim, with expressive features, . . . her hand outstretched for a firm handshake; simply dressed, even at social or official gatherings, but at home in field clothes; unconcerned with tucking in a rebellious wisp of hair or fixing her make-up; always the first to cross a sidewalk, leap a ravine, climb a hill, plunge into a thicket, or take the wheel of a car or truck." She is on equally friendly terms with men of science, the President of the Republic, and the children playing in village streets.

To incorporate the Indians into the national life would be relatively easy if one had no qualms about destroying them as a group. This has already happened, to a degree. As the white population spread out over

the country, its culture swallowed up many of the Indians who stood in the way, making them forget their languages and customs and even, through intermarriage, causing their gradual disappearance as a race. Today highways, the widening of cultivated areas, and the curiosity of the scientist and the mere explorer threaten the survivors in their last stronghold. The Borucas, for example, are fast dropping their ancestral dress in favor of cheap cotton garments, and some of their native terms in favor of Spanish ones. When asked the word for, say, "blouse," they will reply that although they know there used to be one, they have forgotten it. They do little weaving nowadays, and even so are the only native group in Costa Rica that does any at all.

The movement headed by Mrs. Stone wants to preserve what remains, with the help of modern civilization. Reservations have been set aside—land that cannot be taken from the Indians—and within them plots are distributed according to tribal practice. Here they may live as they choose in their own communities and still have medicines to treat their ailments, better seeds and fertilizers and tools to improve their crops, markets for their products and for buying what they need, training to make use of their skills. They are being taught how to maintain their soil, how to conserve their wildlife and dress their game (like their fathers, they hunt with bow and arrow). Language experts have gone to work to reduce their dialects to writing, using the characters of the Western alphabet. And schools and dispensaries have been established, in thatched huts like the buildings with which the Indians were familiar.

There are now four schools, located in the largest villages, and a fifth is planned. Clean, comfortable dormitories house children from the many families thinly sprinkled over the countryside who would not be able to get to school in the rainy season. A textbook has been especially prepared for the program. The teachers can all speak to their pupils in the local dialect, and in turn teach them Spanish; as a matter of fact, some of the newer teachers are themselves Indians—a gratifying indication of the progress that has been made. Through their children, who show remarkable eagerness to learn any subject laid before them, parents have been drawn into school-sponsored activities.

Projects like these are costly. Once, told that the government had no money available for expansion of the educational program, Mrs. Stone prevailed on Congress to adopt a tax on liquor, the proceeds to be applied to the Indian schools. As a result, a bottle of Scotch that sells for \$3.50 across the border in Panama costs \$8.50 in Costa Rica. The rest of the expenses are met out of her own pocket, by generous response to her appeals for funds, and by the invaluable cooperation of such varied organizations as the Geographical Institute of Costa Rica and the airline LASCA.

All this is not to say that the Indians' suspicion, resentment, superstition, and indolence have vanished. But a new spirit is evident among the young people. Many—young and old, men and women—have been to

(Continued on page 29)



BRAZILIAN

cave paintings

The art of prehistoric man survives on grotto walls

Anita Moore

A LITTLE MORE than a hundred years ago the Danish scientist Peter Vilhelm Lund made a dramatic discovery in the countryside near Belo Horizonte. High on sheer cliffs and hidden underground he found a series of caves that were once the dwellings of prehistoric peoples but had not felt the tread of human feet for countless centuries. In some, his and others' investigations revealed fading murals on the walls, traced by the hands of the long-forgotten occupants.

By a strange twist of fate, one of Lund's discoveries—the enormous subterranean cavern of Maquiné, which has been compared with the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico—was lost again. Its entrance was camouflaged by a superstitious old man, who attached sinister significance to the foreigner's temporary disappearance into the bowels of the earth. His suspicions of the scientist's motives and his fear of the mysterious supernatural darkness inside the opening led him to disguise the spot so skillfully that Lund was unable to find it when he returned years later to show it to others, although he had carefully marked the location. Much time and effort went into the search before it was rediscovered with government assistance.

Since Lund's day, other scientists have continued to explore this region, throwing additional light on the life of its ancient inhabitants. Twentieth-century investigations have been made by the English scientist Dr. H. V. Walter in collaboration with the distinguished Brazilian specialists Dr. Arnaldo Cathoud, Professor Anibal Matos, and Dr. Josaphat de Paula Penna, who is recording photographer and artist for the group. Dr. Penna's painstaking tracings and decalcomanias are faithful reproductions of the designs on the limestone walls. A report on H. V. Walter's fifteen years of explorations, *A Pre-History of the Lagoa Santa Region, Minas Gerais*, has been published in an English-Portuguese edition. While this and other informative material is available on scientific research in the region, data concerning the cave paintings are scant to the point of non-existence.

It is certain that the cave-dwellers were pre-Columbian, for when the first Europeans came they found the Indians living on the plains and sleeping in hammocks. The transition from clinging to the safety of secluded rock recesses to living in the open must have required a long time. It is no coincidence that the shallow grottoes in the steep cliff called Cerca Grande (Big Fence), near



Planned, tree-lined Belo Horizonte, young capital of Minas Gerais State, is headquarters for trip to Lagoa Santa caves

Lagoa Santa, are at treetop height. It is believed that the nearby trees were ladders by which those prehistoric families entered their rocky homes. The cliffs offered perfect protection from marauding animals by night and the caves' elevated position made them strategic lookout posts by day. The panoramic view extending for miles must have enabled the cave people to live for centuries in comparative security. After the grottoes were no longer inhabited, their inaccessibility continued to guard them from vandalism, but now that the public has discovered them their future is in jeopardy. Sunday picnickers are apt to rub the wall paintings or, worse yet, draw on and over their original lines. The Brazilian equivalents for "Kilroy was here" and "John loves Mary," as well as names, addresses, and telephone numbers, are menacing these rare prehistoric pictures. But it is hoped that recent government interest in them will insure protection against further defacement.

The grottoes pictured here are about seventy feet above ground, and the hill is honeycombed with other passages. Behind the outer grottoes, within the dark recesses of the cliff, lie others, darker and smaller in

At height of seventy feet, limestone hill known as Cevca Grande is studded with grottoes that were homes of ancient man

size, which apparently were used for storage spaces to hoard food against emergencies of stormy weather and harsh winter cold.

The primitive apartment where we photographed wall paintings is composed of several small, shallow "rooms," all with outside exposures, forming an L because the cliff juts out at that point. Natural archways connect the rooms, which are high enough to clear the head of a tall man. Tenacious tropical vines hug the hillside, and their glistening green leaves frame the cave openings.

The drawings and paintings that decorate nearly all the walls have no relation to one another. Some of the colors are identical with those used by present-day jungle Indians to decorate their bodies for tribal ceremonies: the red tint comes from the seeds of the *urucú* ground into a fine powder; the inky black is extracted from the juice of the *genipapo* fruit. The source of the yellow hues is still undetermined, but Dr. Penna suggests it may have been a vegetable-oil derivative.

Urucú red and genipapo black are also put to domestic use by civilized villagers in outlying districts. Juice from the genipapo still serves country children as a substitute for ink, and seeds from the pods of the urucú yield color and flavor for cooking as well as a dye for painting.

For those who want to visit them, the caves are easy to reach, and the journey is pleasant. A short flight from Rio lands you in Belo Horizonte, capital of the state of Minas Gerais. As its name (which means "General Mines") implies, this mountainous state is rich in gems and ore. Its diamond mines were the world's major source of supply until the African fields were discovered. Here, too, is where gold was found at the end of the seventeenth century, transforming sleepy little villages into thriving and prosperous metropolitan centers while the boom lasted. Today, at Nova Lima, the second





Entrance to the cave, behind painted wall where author rests her hand, is partially blocked by "Cobra" stalactite above and lime deposit on floor. Note size of deer

largest gold mine in the world is still in operation.

Belo Horizonte lies on a high plateau rimmed by superb mountains. A planned city from the ground up,

Primitive hunter portrayed the moment of victory: wild pig pierced by his arrow



the entire municipality has been constructed within the past fifty years, on a wheel-spoke pattern similar to that of Washington, D.C. [see "Hometown, Brazil," June 1951 AMERICAS]. It is modern, comfortable, and attractive, and Brazilians are justly proud of it. "Beautiful Horizon" lives up to its name. It is in a region of invigorating climate, where the sky is almost always blue, the air crisp. Coolness at night and sunny midday warmth make a salubrious combination that led Peter Lund to choose this locality when, in ill health, he sought



Close-up of three deer painted at different periods. Lowest and oldest is red, upper two are yellow

a dry climate in the hope of prolonging his life. It was a happy choice. Settling near Lagoa Santa when he was about thirty-four years old, he lived to the venerable age of seventy-nine.

Belo Horizonte is the center from which travelers branch off in various directions to visit such picturesque colonial towns as Sabará, Ouro Preto, Mariana, and Congonhas do Campo, all containing fine examples of colonial art and architecture. Every tourist tries to see these antique communities, carefully preserved by a government alert to their pictorial charms and historical value. Thousands visit them every year. Yet the caverns and grottoes of the Lagoa Santa area, located much closer to Belo Horizonte and easier to reach, are so little publicized that few people outside the immediate vicinity know they exist. The largest caverns require a full day



Unknown animal painted in red, above, may be some extinct species. Small animal, probably deer, below is in urucú red

to see, but the hillside grottoes of Cerca Grande are so near the city they can be visited in an afternoon, including the trip there and back by rented car.

I was fortunate indeed to have Dr. Josaphat de Paula Penna escort me to the caves. This young intellectual is a dentist by profession, a research scientist by avocation. Born and reared in this state, he is an avid investigator of its natural resources and prehistoric material. His knowledge of the environs seemed encyclopedic.

When we passed an urucú tree, Dr. Penna stopped the car, pulled off a twig, and removed a seed pod so that we could examine its soft, horny covering in detail. Popping it open, he exposed numerous tiny vermilion seeds, which he crushed between his thumbnails. The resulting powder, dampened and rubbed on his palm, stained his skin a bright tint that would not wipe off and remained for the duration of the trip.

Farther along the highway he stopped the car again when he spied a genipapo tree, and climbed through a barbed-wire fence to break off a branch with leaves and fruit. The fruit is round like an atomizer bulb, with the color and hardness of a green pear. He handed it to us with instructions to take it home, cut it, cover it with water, and let it stand overnight. In the morning we would have an indelible black liquid useful as a dye for textiles, a color for painting, an ink for writing, and, when combined with other ingredients, a palatable drink.

Not far beyond the village of Pedro Leopoldo, we turned off the main road onto private property. Soon our way was blocked by gates, swung open by small children who had been waiting for us ever since the sound of the motor announced our coming. The cliffs of

Cerca Grande are on ground belonging to this ranch, and the children are accustomed to visitors. As the car went through without stopping, Dr. Penna waved and called out that he would see them on the way back. There is no charge for visiting the caves, he explained, but he always gives them something for opening the gates.

Shortly we turned into a road so narrow that it scarcely permitted the car to pass between the trees crowding against the fenders. Then suddenly there was no road at all, and we were cutting across open fields toward a circular limestone hill that loomed ahead. When we could ride no closer, we parked the car and set out on foot, Dr. Penna with a flashlight, I with the camera, the chauffeur with a basket of flash bulbs and film.

From a small knoll we got an excellent view of the cliff rising from the open plain, its face pock-marked with the dark grotto openings about halfway up the steep sides. Walking swiftly, we soon reached a short



Vandals' white chalk hides fish's original red, animal's black. Scrawled names further spoil the picture

wooded stretch of small trees. Clumps of dry moss hung from the branches, their long strands sweeping down to blow against us in the breeze, clinging with lingering lightness to body or face as we passed beneath. Dr. Penna remarked that it's this kind of eerie caress in the dark that gives rise to the stories of ghosts and haunted forests. Emerging, we skirted the small lake for a short distance until we reached the far end of the limestone hill. Then we followed a path through broken rocks and tropical plants to the foot of the cliff.

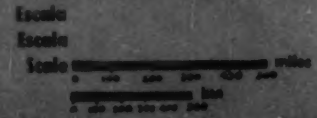
We did not have to follow the ancient tenants' aerial route to the grottoes. A passage around the side of the cliff, close to the shore of the lake and well hidden by rocks and plant growth, provided us with a dark but

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**CARRETERA PANAMERICANA
RODOVIA PAN-AMERICANA
PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY**

- Leyenda**
Legend
Legend
- De toda época
Transperfora o ano inteiro
All-weather
 - De tempo seco
Sómente no tempo seco
Dry weather
 - Intransitable
Intransperfora
Impassable



The South American Way

Maurice Robine

MOTORING over the Pan American Highway in South America is now possible. Latin drivers have covered the route countless times, and in 1948 automobile racers proved it practicable by speeding from Buenos Aires to Caracas. Against 143 competitors, the winner, Domingo Marimón of Argentina, covered the fourteen stages of the 6,025-mile route in a "souped-up" Chevrolet sedan in 118 hours, thirty-seven minutes, and eighteen seconds' actual driving time.

Even if you aren't a death-defying speed demon, you can cover the same ground in either direction in something over a month. However, this is no simple pleasure jaunt, for South American roads vary from smooth paved highways to narrow muddy tracks, and you must bypass a fifty-mile gap in southern Ecuador. Before even considering such a journey, you should be equipped with, among other things, a car and constitution in excellent running order, a fair amount of cash, plenty of time, and a carefree spirit of adventure. A working knowledge of Spanish is also invaluable.

If you can meet these general requirements, you are in for a fantastic journey that will take you through

rugged mountains, fertile green valleys and plains, tropical jungles, and barren stretches of desert. You will find teeming cosmopolitan cities, quaint colonial towns, and Indians not very different from those seen by the conquistadors. Each of the countries threaded by the highway offers something unique. By motoring, you will meet their peoples, learn their customs, and soak up a lot of local color missed by those who travel by air or sea.

South America is not the Lima bullring, the Rio night clubs, or the shining beaches of Punta del Este. Only by venturing into the interior on a Pan American Highway junket from Caracas to Buenos Aires did I get to know the real South America. That's why I'm eager to offer prospective adventurers a few practical suggestions for a similar undertaking.

First of all, you should be not only an expert driver but also a reasonably competent mechanic, for you may have to make your own repairs. Any standard-make car can be used but top condition is vital, for certain stretches of the highway play havoc with axles, brakes, springs, and tires. The automobile I drove was a battered 1941 two-door Chevrolet sedan, but I was lucky. Except for

Venezuelan section of highway, passable all year round, seesaws from sea level to ten thousand feet. About 285 miles are paved





At Media Torta (Half Pie), amphitheater outside Colombian capital, Bogotá, free Sunday-morning performances of folk music and dances draw thousands from city and countryside

a few flat tires and worn spark plugs, I had no serious mishaps. My worst experience occurred when my car was half-submerged in mud on a rain-sodden mountain road in the lonely El Tambo region of Ecuador. After I had spent two hours in fruitless efforts to extricate it, a road gang of twelve sturdy men finally came to my rescue by lifting the vehicle bodily out of the mudhole.

Secondly, in order to make the most of this trip, you should travel at a leisurely pace without a hard and fast schedule, and take along at least one alternate driver. One to two months is the usual time required by tourists. Patience must be one of your virtues, for you may sometimes have to wait days until the road ahead is repaired or cleared of rubble from a landslide. Both patience and a sense of humor must also be employed in dealing with people.

The cost of the trip is flexible. Assuming that you share expenses with your driving companion and that you spend two months traveling, the journey can be made for as little as five hundred dollars each, one-way, a figure based on my own experiences and those of friends and acquaintances who have made similar trips. On the road your chief outlay is for food and lodging.



Monday is good time for stopover in Ambato, Ecuador, to visit Indian market

Except in high-priced Venezuela, you should be able to get by on an average of five dollars a day or the equivalent. As for gasoline and oil, I found that my entire fuel bill came to only about one hundred dollars. Finally, a reserve fund of a few hundred dollars ought to be readily available for amusements, souvenirs, and repairs.

Since it is still impossible to motor from the United States to South America because of road bottlenecks in Central America, the U.S. tourist must add transportation charges on his car and his own passage. To economize you can go by freighter. Using this mode of travel between New York and La Guaira, Venezuela, and back



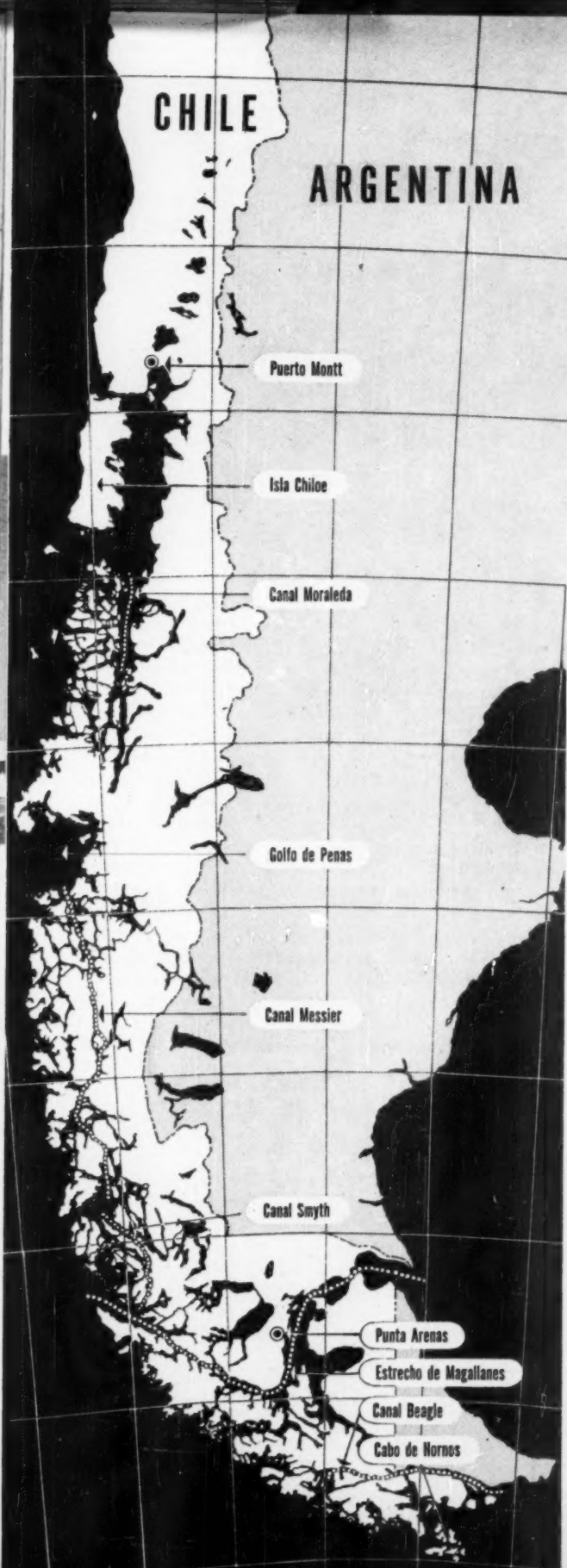
Four-legged traffic near Talara, Peru. Most of Peruvian route cuts through desert, is dotted with excellent government-owned hotels

from Buenos Aires to New York, you can roughly estimate an additional thousand dollars; or \$750, if you split expenses with your driving companion.

If your journey is not carefully planned in advance, you are likely to be confronted by countless discomforts and obstacles. To avoid the man-made barriers, all necessary documents should be acquired prior to departure. Tourist or transit visas are easily obtained at your local consulates, and international driving permits valid in most Latin American countries are issued by the Inter-American Federation of Automobile Clubs or its affiliates. This organization can help you immeasurably in planning your trip. As a member of the F.I.A.C. (*Federación Interamericana de Automóvil-Clubs*), you are entitled to the privileges of foreign automobile clubs, which have branches in most of the leading cities. They offer vital information regarding highway conditions, alternate routes and stopovers, maps and guides, and—in case of emergency—legal and technical advice and breakdown services.

In blueprinting your journey, avail yourself of the excellent road maps of each of the South American countries put out free of charge by the Esso Standard Oil Company. Other valuable aids are two booklets, *The Pan American Highway System*, published by the Pan American Union, and *Motoring in Central and South*

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THE LAST FAIRY TALE

A cosmic fantasy inspired by the weird
geography of Chile's Far South

Benjamin Subercaseaux

FOR THAT BRIGHT CHILDHOOD of the mind we call imagination, the disappearance of fantastic tales *based on reality* is a sad truth. Such narratives used to flourish because we had not yet finished the "portrait of the earth," because geographical exploration and maps had not yet attained definitive perfection. But in the "one world" of today we are now all more or less immediate neighbors. The airlines have achieved the miracle—acclaimed by some—of depriving us of the last really private nooks on this planet. Thus I am writing now from Santiago, Chile, two hours by car from the shore of the South Pacific, while my mind still preserves a vivid image of a canoe, manned by shining black figures, in which I was traveling a few weeks ago through the broad and majestic waters of the Niger, deep in the heart of Africa. I would still be seeking the Senegal coast if an airplane had not picked me up and delivered me to my homeland in a matter of hours. For today everything is near, and known, and within the reach of anyone. There are no more undiscovered spots. Neither the Antarctic, nor the pygmies of the Congo, nor the interior of China, nor the Tibetan plateaus still hold any secrets. The world has become so permeable that the term "explorer" seems to have acquired an archaic, almost absurd flavor.

Nevertheless, to my good fortune I can declare emphatically that in this strange country where I first saw the light of day there are still blank spaces on the charts. Chile is one of the few regions, if not the only one, where you live with the unknown, with mystery and the anticipation of something marvelous. This is true above all in that chaotic zone chopped up into islands, channels, little spits of land, and all the other topographic features created by the upheavals of the globe in the extreme South of America. For all Chile is in itself a proof and a result of the tremendous cataclysms of the earth's infancy. Its form and topographic arrangement, which one author called "a crazy geography," make this country a long ribbon stretched from north to south along the Pacific, a veritable shelf bracketed to the granite wall of the Andes and overhanging the terrible depths of the Great Ocean. This long corridor runs from 18°

south latitude to Cape Horn, at about 56° south. Seen on a planisphere, the country seems not to exist at all, or to be a mere piece of cartographic coquetry to keep Argentina's western border from getting wet in the cold waters of the Pacific.

This strange arrangement is not a product of chance. Therefore, a little explanation is necessary before we go into this "last fairy tale" that is Chile's Far South.

A few years ago I published an article whose title provoked some smiles and not a few protests: "Half of Chile is in the Moon." It was bold, undoubtedly, and quite a few people thought I was referring to the distraught character of its inhabitants. But no; the phrase was not symbolic but literal: what could be the vast territory of an immense country—which might today be part of Chile—is to be found not on this planet but outside of it. This we have known since the now-famous studies of the great astronomer Gamow. When the earth was still a pasty mass and the continents a light layer floating like cream over the magma, the planet's orbit



If long, slender Chile were superimposed on Europe, it would stretch from the North Cape to Sicily

was more eccentric than it is today. Stated more clearly, this means that our planet in certain eras passed much closer to the sun than now. Consequently, there were enormous tides; not of the sea, which did not yet exist, but of the whole fluid dough, which was pulled out brutally, forming a huge tumor, so big that one fine day it yielded to the attraction of the star-king, unfastening itself and hurtling into space, where it remained circling around its planet-mother as a satellite. It would have been quite a miracle for the immense drop to have escaped intact, without any splattering. Splashing occurred, and many small drops fell back to the earth—all except one, the "little moon," which also revolved around us for millions of years and was seen by the most primitive of men. In our Far South, among the age-old peoples of the channels and Tierra del Fuego—the Onas, Yámanas, and Alikulufs—tradition preserves



Dropped in the deep trough off Taital, towering Mt. Aconcagua (22,835 feet) would have 2,200 feet of water over its peak

the story of the "little moon" and the cataclysm that caused its fall, when the crazed waters of the Pacific rose, demanding the coasts, forcing them to take refuge on the mountain peaks. That "little moon" would be none other than the Australia of today, whose geographic configuration and geological arrangement would be inexplicable if events had not happened that way.

Moreover, there is solid evidence that the big or real moon emerged from the vast basin of the Pacific: in the first place, its very vastness, so different from the size of the other oceans; secondly, the absence of granite in its coasts. We know that the crust of the earth is made up of a top layer of granite and a second of basalt, while the nucleus is composed of fused nickel and iron, but with the consistency of sealing wax. Now granite is not found either in the bottom of the Pacific or in its coasts; it is as if a huge and mysterious hand had scraped the earth's skin, tearing off the epidermis and leaving only the dermis. Add to this the immense depths of this ocean and the lower resistance of the earth's crust in this region, which caused the igneous forces to erupt, seeking the weakest points and thus creating the so-called "belt of fire" in the Pacific: the chain of volcanoes in the Philippines, Japan, Kamchatka, Alaska, California, and the entire west coast of South America, of which Chile occupies a large part. In Chile, moreover, we find a curious phenomenon, which characterizes the country's structure: great heights next to great depths at its coasts. This structure also shows "cuts"—faults whose existence is proved by the instability demonstrated in the form of endless earthquakes, landslides, hot springs, and other evidence of a disturbed and convulsed crust.

It thus becomes obvious that half of Chile is in the moon. You can see it clearly in the Lota region, where our big coal mines are: the strata of "black gold" reach out under the sea for some six miles, and for this reason practically all the mining is carried on under water, an extraordinary fact that shows how the lands sank after

the cut, for no one has ever said that the secondary and tertiary forests grew in the sea, giving rise to coal below the bottom of the ocean.

A glance at a map of Chile is enough to convince you. The country is sinking from north to south and, beginning at latitude 42°, the land is torn asunder as if under the impact of a terrible pressure that bends it to the east, following the rotation of the earth. This movement is reflected in the same way in the great peninsula of Graham Land, which is born in our Antarctic and has its northern end in a counter-Cape Horn that follows the original one in its desperate flight to the east.

I don't think it shows excessive pride in my own country to say that it is one of the most interesting on the face of the globe. Two parallel north-and-south mountain ranges, one the majestic Andes and the other the modest chain running along the coast, leave between them the long corridor of the Central Valley. When it reaches Puerto Montt in the South, this valley is submerged. The Andes continue their trip on the eastern side, and the coastal range blooms as innumerable islands, which are nothing but the peaks of submerged mountains. As to the Central Valley, it runs along the bottom of a very long central channel, a kind of Main Street, made up of the Moraleda, Messier, Inocentes, and Smyth Channels, which finally empty into that great transverse cut across southern America, the Strait of Magellan.

I cannot here go into the geographical details of this region, which I have described on the fly, for fifty articles like this would not allow space for a complete explanation of the thousand archipelagoes, channels, fiords, and somber corridors that intertwine in this veritable topographical hysteria. It is a great satisfaction to me to know that they are Chilean, as well as to imagine the host of geological—and perhaps archeological—mysteries, riches, and documents they hold and which we still do not know about. But not for lack of effort—extensive hydrographic expeditions, repeated year after year, have made our navy a supreme expert in the art of navigating through that labyrinth. Moreover, the naval history of the whole world has kept many a

In San Rafael Lagoon, at the end of Elephants Gulf, a glacier breaks off into iridescent icebergs



rendezvous in these waters, from the time of Magellan, Ulloa, and Cortés Ojeda, passing through Drake, the Nodals, L'Hermite, and Narborough, followed by Bougainville, Cook, Fitzroy, and Dumont d'Urville, to name just a few of the famous sailors who have performed feats of seamanship there. For centuries, the whole world has taken an interest in this "last fairy tale," which has once again become timely with the recent discovery of petroleum and uranium.

I have long felt a special attraction to study these portentous realms. For both my book *Tierra de Océano* (Ocean Land) and my most recent novel, *Jemmy Button* (which takes place in this zone and has for its subject a chapter in the explorations of Fitzroy), I was obliged to travel their channels in detail, to live there for months, and this made me think they well deserved the title I have put on this brief sketch.

At the northern edge, where the dislocation begins, the landscape still smiles and the climate is quite bearable. The wide bay of Puerto Montt opens on a sort of inner sea: the Chilote Sea, where the islands are inhabited. The largest population is on Chiloé, the island



In the North, hanging valleys cut the high plateau that falls off sharply to the sea

forming the western boundary of the sheltered waterway. It is big enough to hold three Duchies of Luxembourg. Between it and the continental shore, the inner sea is dotted with picturesque small islands, with towns, each marked by a red-roofed church, and white sails cross the calm waters in all directions. Deep ravines, now invaded by the sea, form fiords that bore into the Andean mass on the continental shore. In some we find charming villages, like Cochamó.

The tides, which are enormous in this region, pile up higher and higher as they slowly force a path through the myriad channels and inlets. In some places the tidal change reaches the incredible figure of forty feet. As a result, you often find the small boats of the inland sea left high and dry by the water's drop. I myself saw a boat resting on props and pouring out smoke in the



Town of Cochamó faces sheltered waters of Reloncavi Fiord near Puerto Montt



South of Strait of Magellan the weather improves. The author took a dip in Beagle Channel, near Cape Horn

middle of a pasture surrounded by a wire fence, while cows grazed peacefully alongside. A few hours later, when the tide came in, the boat calmly resumed its interrupted voyage. A fairy tale? No, a simple, vivid reality that is typical of this territory.

Farther south, around the Guaitecas and Chonos Islands, the landscape becomes solitary and sullen. You do not see beaches or sand anywhere, only rock or small stones. This confirms the comparatively recent date of the sinking of these lands, for the waves have not yet had time to grind the pebbles into sand. As for the Chilote Sea, the absence of sand shows that there was formerly a lake there—like the others in southern Chile—which was invaded by the waters of the sea when the land sank but maintained its lakelike contours. None of the lakes have enough wave action to produce sand; they have only what the rivers bring them, which is black and fine, very different from the ocean sand.

The wide corridor of the Moraleda Channel, which represents the Central Valley in this zone, continues south of the Gulf of Peñas in the Messier Channel, forming that "Main Street" mentioned above.

Somewhat narrower than its predecessor, the Messier Channel takes us through the most solitary and forsaken stretch of this long extra-planetary journey. The Islands that form its shores are unpopulated. Only once in a while, during the season, a few seal hunters set themselves up temporarily on the "outside" islands—the ocean islands. There is no town or refuge where man can feel the nearness of his kind. It is like the world on

the third day of creation. You could say that in this region we come back to the first man's feeling of solitude in facing nature, which is still unwilling to accept his presence. It does not submit to him, as in other places, or even play the role of a simple decoration on the stage where his life unfolds. Nature's passive role is found only where man, free of his anguish, can finally permit himself the luxury of looking around and surveying his domain. Here nature is more than a stage; it is an overwhelming presence, a personal and forceful being surveying man from head to toe.

As with the Moraleda, the waters of the Messier Channel are smooth and brilliant above their great depths, and surrounded by steep mountains. The light grows weaker as we advance southward. An opalescent half-shadow cloaks the landscape and outlines, as if everything were submerged in the atmosphere of a dream. The mountains seem closer, and in their formidable height (more imposing because we are viewing them from sea level) they seem to be leaning backward to let us appreciate them.

In contrast to the scene along the Moraleda, where vegetation covers everything, the trees are smaller here, and they take on strange, tormented forms under the buffeting of the wind's squalls and blizzards. Plants are not so numerous and are less varied. The high peaks look decrepit, left prematurely bald by wind and snow.

Nowhere does the science of geography show itself more noble in its effort to set down in a simple chart this world of immensity that overwhelms man and loses him in the landscape. Nature does not seem to know or care about man. There is no hut, no axe mark in a tree, no pile as a reminder of some old dock. Civilized man seems to be an intruder, a stranger here. Nature, the Immense, occupies everything, quiets everything with her silent clamor. For example, you often see belts of silver stretching motionless from the heights to the feet of the mountains. They are furious torrents that hurl themselves down from the peaks but do not let you hear the din of their fall or see the motion of their unleashed waters. They seem petrified by height and distance, or drowned out by that other more powerful voice that tolerates no interruption: the voice of total, monstrous silence, deaf to all noise, intransigent to the point of cruelty. Nowhere can we speak more fittingly of a landscape "looking straight ahead," offering no response to the cry of human sorrow.

New prolongations and channels stretch to right and left of the Messier Channel, and we think we can see their end. But as we follow them we find that the apparent end was just a curve, and that the fiords go on and branch out into other somber extensions, covered with low, stormy clouds. Other times, sailing at night, we make out a weak light, like phosphorescence, at the end of those dark passages; it is a glacier radiating the light of its eternal ice.

In this coming and going, a disorientation close to drunkenness overpowers us. We look at the map and know very well the location of every mountain and

(Continued on page 29)

it's the talk in . . .

Lima

With the oldest bull ring in the Americas, built shortly after Lima was founded in 1535, the Peruvian capital boasts a long bullfighting tradition and plenty of fervid *aficionados*. Chief attractions of the current season in the Plaza Acho are the Spanish torero Luis Miguel Dominguín, considered Spain's best by many critics, and Rafael Santa Cruz, who has returned after two years of training in Spain. Twenty-four-year-old Santa Cruz is the second Negro bullfighter to win kudos in Peru; Mariano Soria, who first fought in Lima in 1867, enjoyed national renown for many years. Unfortunately, Santa Cruz was gored in the ring a few weeks ago, and the date of his next fight is problematical. Except for Raúl Ochoa Rovira, a Peruvian born in Argentina, all the toreros this season are Spaniards. Most of the bulls are from La Viña ranch in Peru, but some are imported from famous Spanish breeders. . . .

Limeños can still work up a frenzy over last month's Grand National Automobile Race. The grueling, 1,729-mile contest covered some of the most difficult terrain in Peru—from Lima to Arequipa, to Cuzco, to Nazca, to Lima. The winner: Bartolomé Ortiz of Chile. The Peruvians Juan Perris and Arnaldo Alvarado placed second and third. . . .

The mammoth new National Stadium was dedicated with properly impressive ceremonies, including a parade of Peru's top athletes, gymnastic drills, and folk dancing, followed by a series of contests to select the Peruvian team for the impending South American soccer championship games. Conveniently located in the center of Lima, the stadium will seat seventy thousand sports fans, is rigged with more than two hundred reflectors and the latest lighting equipment for night events. The installations also include indoor training rooms, offices, and living quarters for about four hundred athletes. . . .

One of the most popular artistic events of the season was the presentation of *Les Sylphides* by the Ballet Academy of the Amateur Artists' Association of Lima. It was performed with the original Fokine choreography and was the first time a wholly Peruvian cast had attempted this rigorous classical ballet. . . .

A Mexican movie version of the ubiquitous tear-jerker *El Derecho de Nacer* (The Right to Be Born—see "It's the Talk in São Paulo," November 1952 AMERICAS) is drawing unprecedented lines of eager females. Testimony to the catholic tastes of the capital's movie-goers is the simultaneous success of the Japanese film *Rashomon*. . . .

Personnel and equipment were moved into Cuzco in mid-October in preparation for the filming of *Machu Picchu*, directed by Enrico Gras and produced by Artistas Cinematográficos Unidos. . . .

The showing at the Lima Gallery of 574 pre-Hispanic and colonial art objects of Peru has caused considerable comment. Among the 115 pictures of the Cuzco and other colonial schools were eight primitives painted on wood. The many and excellent examples represented a rich cross section of this charming phase of religious painting. Other items included twenty-six pre-Columbian "Keros" of fine quality and fifteen pieces of colonial statuary, as well as furniture, antique silver, and miscellaneous archeological objects.—Dorothy F. de Altamirano

Ottawa

Technical-assistance programs continue to be the topic of the day in Ottawa. Interest stems mainly from the wide demand for Canadian technicians to fill positions not only in the British Government's Commonwealth program, known as the Colombo Plan, but in the UN and specialized agency projects. Those recruiting personnel are criticized for making the contract periods so short

that technicians don't have enough time to become thoroughly familiar with the situations they are supposed to remedy. Some governments are accused of using technical-assistance programs to fill in administrative gaps after getting rid of qualified personnel unsympathetic to government policy. . . .



Happy school children greeted Costa Rican President Otilio Ulate as he resumed authority after voluntarily giving up office for three weeks to allow complete freedom of action in the investigation of a government policy

This year's bumper wheat crop is causing both satisfaction and concern. Despite government efforts to avert a crisis, Canadian farmers fear storage facilities may run short and the surplus grain may cause prices to slide. An excellent documentary film on wheat production, storage, and uses has recently been released by the Canadian Government. . . .

The rise in the French-Canadian population and its shift westward from Montreal is agitating the old conflict between British and French-Canadians. . . .

The ultra-modern Dominion Bureau of Statistics was completed in time for the COINS conference attended by many PAU staff members. Several additional buildings will go up in this same area to house other Dominion agencies, part of the ambitious development plan for "Canada's Capital of the Future." . . .

Clergy and public are engaged in a running debate over the possibility of introducing sports programs on Sundays. Ottawa has long been famous for its Puritan Sundays, when nary a bottle of beer or a movie can be found.—A. J. Posada

Ciudad Trujillo

Construction is booming in the Dominican Republic. The first part of the six-and-a-half-million-dollar school building plan is nearing completion. New schools are going up in sixty-five cities and towns, and Ciudad Trujillo will have a spanking new million-dollar National Palace of Fine Arts. . . .

Three hundred photographs from twenty-four countries are entered in the First International Photographic Exhibit at the National Gallery of Fine Arts in Ciudad Trujillo. Also on display is the first one-man show of Mariela Jiménez, an artist well known to Dominicans. . . .

The Dominican-American Cultural Institute is exhibiting the work of three young artists: sculptor Gaspar Mario Cruz (otherwise known as El Primitivo), draftsman Silbano Lora, and painter Danilo Ballester. Lora is showing ten ink drawings and water colors; Ballester, fifteen oils; and Cruz, thirteen mahogany carvings and a terra-cotta piece. . . .

Everybody's agog over the latest discovery of the Enriquillo Society of Archeological Research: Indian pictographs in the Sajanoa region of Azua Province. The sign of the cross (the largest is a foot high with decorations similar to those on the Palenque temple in Mexico) appears frequently, sometimes alone, sometimes as an integral part of rare and complicated figures. There is also a face with huge eyes in relief, and elongated pierced ears; a circular cavity, five inches in diameter; and a figure that looks like a mushroom with a decorated stalk. In addition, the research team turned up seventeen Taino ceramic pieces in human and animal shapes.—A. R. Nanita, Jr.



*...a,
on continent
le film *Abi Esté el Dethile*.*



*... ..,
est director, once was extra
in Hollywood, played main
part in *Los de Abajo*.*



PAT



*... ..
Argentine singer *Agustín*
trasta in *La Olla*.*



I Film Festival

HOW THE MEXICAN FILM INDUSTRY has come of age artistically as well as business-wise was amply demonstrated in the nine Mexican-made feature pictures shown at the Pan American Union in November and December. Moviegoers in all the Latin American countries, and thousands more in Texas and New York, were already aware of it, for the Mexican product dominates the Spanish-language cinema, receiving a warm welcome even in Europe.

Although Salvador Toscano started playing around with newsreel shots shortly after the turn of the century, the Mexican film boom got its real start in 1931, with the filming of the first talking picture. Brought to a standstill by the depression, the young industry revived heartily with the help of private U.S. investors during the forties. Now Mexico City produces over a hundred films a year, which take in a total of about 160,000,000 pesos (approximately \$18,500,000) at the country's box offices. Production costs average between five and seven hundred thousand pesos for a Class A picture (\$58,000-\$80,000), and the makers usually count on getting back only about 60 or 70 per cent of their investment from Mexican showings, depending on theaters in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Central and South America to put them in the black. In 1947 the Mexican Government showed its concern for the industry by establishing a special



*Padre Argandoña (center)
shown in scene from *Rosario
Negro*, La Mante's leading*





Scene from *La Dama del Velo*: Spanish singer Juan Pulido with Argentine actress Libertad Lamarque



El Rencor de la Tierra deals with distribution of land among peasants



A festive song-improvisation contest in *Allá en el Rancho Grande*, filmed in full color



Enamorada presents Mexican heart-throb María Félix and Pedro Armendáriz



Los Olvidados, a portrayal of juvenile delinquency, won first prize for directing at 1951 Cannes Festival

semi-official bank to finance movie-making. Only India disputes Mexico's claim to being the world's second biggest movie-producing country.

The operation of the Mexican industry bears little resemblance to the Hollywood variety. The capital's five studios—which include some of the most modern to be found anywhere and the largest sound stage in the world—are usually rented out to a producer for a single production or a short series. Actors, directors, and cameramen, instead of working for a big company on a long-term contract, combine at will on special projects. Some of this teamwork has produced top-notch results that have brought Mexico international honors.

One of the most successful partnerships has been that of Mexico's leading director, Emilio Fernández, and best photographer, Gabriel Figueroa. The film that opened the PAU series was one of their many prize-winning productions, *Enamorada* (called *The General and the Señorita* in English). This 1946 movie, starring María Félix, the nation's number one love-interest, and the veteran actor Pedro Armendáriz, captured the Mexican Academy of Sciences and Arts award and won honors at the 1947 Brussels International Fair for its photography. Like the other films, it was made available for the PAU showing through the courtesy of Azteca Films, the principal distributor of Mexican movies in the United States.

La Dama del Velo (The Veiled Lady, 1949) featured Libertad Lamarque, outstanding Argentine actress who went to Mexico six years ago after a highly successful career in her own country and proved she could do just as well there. *El Rencor de la Tierra* (Rancor of the Land, 1950), directed by Alfredo B. Crevenna, exemplified the concern with local social problems that characterizes many of the first-rank Mexican films, taking redistribution of the land as its subject.

Roberto Gavaldón skillfully directed *La Otra* (The Other Woman, 1946), in which Dolores del Río, who began her career in Hollywood in 1926, plays twins. The photographer was Alex Phillips, one of the first Hollywood technicians to teach their trade in Mexico back in 1931, and still considered second only to Figueroa.

One of the series was based on an already well-known novel, Mariano Azuela's study of the bloody years of the Mexican Revolution, *Los de Abajo* (translated as *The Underdogs*), filmed in 1939. The emphasis on heavy drama, a field in which much of Mexico's best work has been done, was broken by the next film, *Aquí Está el Detalle* (That's the Point), in which Mexico's top comedian, Mario Moreno, achieved stardom in 1940 as the ill-clad, double-talking porter Cantinflas.

After two more films, *Allá en el Rancho Grande*, a remake, and *Rosauro Castro*, the tragedy of a village leader, the festival concluded with the powerful study of juvenile delinquency, *Los Olvidados* (The Forgotten Ones, 1950). It was directed by Luis Buñuel, the Spaniard who has produced surrealist pictures in France. Sophisticated Parisians gave this Mexican film their highest tribute, lining up for admission night after night during a run of almost eight months at a theater on the Champs Elysées. ♦ ♦ ♦

BRAZILIAN CAVE PAINTINGS

(Continued from page 15)

welcome means of approach. By flashlight we began the narrow winding rise. The rough-textured rocky wall offered the only, and uncertain, way to steady ourselves as the slippery underfooting changed with unexpected suddenness from the slick rock surface to loose rolling dirt. We skidded and slid along, often seeming to retreat instead of advance.

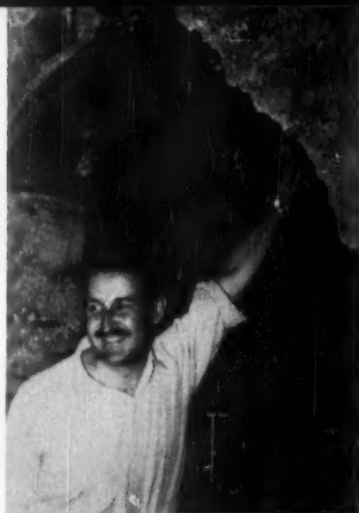
Dr. Penna had been coming here for years and knew every inch of the trail. At an acute angle in the constricted passage he suddenly warned us to turn sharply to the right at the top of the incline without taking a single step beyond. Curious, I afterward inquired what would have happened if we had not done just that. In answer, the flashlight beam shot downward into a chasm of darkness, the long line of light fading away below. After that, we conscientiously followed instructions to the letter. In places, we had to crawl on all fours. When we were able to walk upright, we grasped vainly at the walls for support. Sometimes the path became so narrow and tortuous we could slip through only by turning sidewise.

At last, a patch of daylight ahead! Dr. Penna called to us to duck down as we climbed over a large limestone deposit on the floor of the cave entrance. We stooped quickly to avoid banging our heads against a large curving stalactite hanging protectively from the roof. Once past this piece of natural sculpture, which because of its suggestive shape is called "The Cobra," we straightened up to find ourselves at last standing in the arched opening of the outer cave, looking out over treetops whose green leaves rippled in the wind like grass at our feet. Wings whirled past as parakeets darted and soared in the sky before us, their screams piercing the stillness and their iridescent feathers shimmering in the sunlight—an incredible combination of delicate beauty and raucous sound. Within, we came face to face with the work of these unknown artists of a lost age.

At Cerca Grande, prehistoric man drew the animals he saw and hunted: the wild pig, the fleet-footed deer. In one design a short-snouted boar is depicted with an arrow piercing his body. In another a sprightly buck bounds lightly into the air. Familiar forms and actions were the primitive painter's themes. One mural depicts four small deer in various positions; nearby another young one leaps with abandon.

A vulture painted a light-yellow ochre is stylized almost to the point of abstraction. Sketched in skillful geometric design, it bespeaks a highly developed sense of form and pattern, evidence of an advanced degree of mental development.

Another wall contains three larger deer, placed one above the other, the largest about half life-size. These figures show a regression in creative expression. Less imaginative, less penetratingly observed than the others, they strive for greater realism, but are more awkward and stolid. They are portrayed by a clumsier hand and lack the lightness, verve, and grace of the smaller ones. Experts agree that these three animals placed on three



Dr. Josaphat de Paula Penna, dentist and spelunker, stands in archway between two grottoes

different levels represent three different eras of development, the lowest one being the earliest, the middle one next, and the top one drawn last.

Multiple illustrations of wild life are seen in many cave murals of the region. Alligators, fish, and various marine forms painted in conjunction with monkeys, pigs, armadillos, and other land animals give us much information on the region's prehistoric fauna. An unfamiliar shape is depicted in yellow ochre. Perhaps it belongs to some extinct species whose existence may yet be verified by fossil evidence. Since the unexpected discovery in Minas Gerais of mastodon, horse, and sabre-toothed tiger fossils, as well as those of other rare prehistoric animals, no future findings can surprise us.

Not all the caves require such a strenuous ascent. Many are at ground level or below. But no paintings have been found in subterranean caverns. During the rainy seasons it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to see wall paintings in caves at low levels, as these partly fill with water. However, the high Cerca Grande grottoes can be visited almost all year round.

The trip to see the paintings well rewards any effort involved, if not because of their intrinsic artistic value, at any rate for their historical significance as the earliest known paintings in Brazil and a striking record of prehistoric man in the New World. ♦ ♦ ♦



The lake, with Cerca Grande in background, attracts Sunday picnickers

EMBASSY ROW



Three generations of Portocarreros. Under a portrait of his father, former Ambassador to the Vatican, Peruvian Alternate OAS Representative Felipe Portocarrero holds up to the camera his year-old son, Felipe José Félix. Dr. Portocarrero is also Representative on the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.



Juan Bautista de Lavalle has represented Peru at the OAS since 1946, and served as Chairman of the Council in 1948. The Ambassador was Peruvian delegate to the 1947 and 1948 sessions of the UN General Assembly and headed his country's delegation to the special session on Palestine. A graduate of the University of San Marcos, he has taught at his alma mater and published many books. He is now on leave from the Peruvian Supreme Court.



With Spanish-born Mrs. Portocarrero, a niece of the Ambassador to Washington from Spain, Ambassador Lavalle shares an interest in golf, swimming, and sailing. He is also an excellent rider, and bred blooded horses while he lived in Peru. The two men are music enthusiasts, coinciding in a preference for Bach and Beethoven.



The Ambassador sets out for lunch with Julia MacLean of Peru, who as special assistant to the Assistant Secretary General is the OAS Council's right-hand woman.

DORIS AND THE INDIANS

(Continued from page 11)

San José and the important towns, have ridden in automobiles and airplanes, and are no longer surprised at anything modern civilization can offer. As for their benefactress, her word is law. Those who once fled in terror from the camera now pose willingly at her request. Two years ago she succeeded in bringing a family to a three-day exposition in Cartago, during which they lived in a typical Indian hut with their dogs, monkeys, and household goods, carrying on the same life as at home. Guides are at her service whenever she comes to Indian territory, and huts have been built for her exclusive use.

It is an Indian custom to adopt the names of whites with whom they become friendly or of historical figures. Monsignor Thiel, who once fell ill while staying among them and was carried out on an improvised stretcher, is brought to mind by a man in Guatuso called Obispo (bishop). There are Talamancans bearing the names of former Presidents Rafael Yglesias and Ricardo Jiménez. And nowadays, Dorises and Stones are met with in various tribes. If she allows much time to elapse between visits, three or four Indians are sure to turn up at her house in San José with gifts of fruit or specially made hammocks or textiles.

Just as important from the scientific viewpoint as these projects are from the humanitarian is the fact that Mrs. Stone has awakened wider interest in Indian studies throughout the country. The gaps in our knowledge of these people and the dwindling of their numbers—now, perhaps, braked by the new concern with their welfare—make these studies imperative before it is too late. The school of philosophy and letters of the University of Costa Rica has included ethnology and archeology among its history courses. Laws have been enacted to limit the heedless export of Indian objects that in the past cost the nation some of its major collections. The National Museum, of which Mrs. Stone is chairman of the board, has outgrown its former home and continues to expand in a former army barracks.

We do not know, for example, whether hidden under our soil lies proof of pre-Columbian civilizations higher than that of the Chorotegas. We do not know whether primitive Costa Ricans had any graphic means of communication; it is possible that their repeated use of the same figures on their painted vessels and carvings was meant for something more than decoration. We do not even know their contemporary society thoroughly; Mrs. Stone's *The Boruca of Costa Rica*, published in 1949, is, in her own words, "an introductory paper" on a group about which "little or nothing has been written."

What we do have is the existing communities, most of them considerably less Europeanized than those of the Borucas. We have the Indian languages, changed though they have been by the millstones of time and the influence of Spanish. We have some of their folk tales and songs—crude and incomplete, for the most part, but significant as documents all the same. And now we have the interest to push our knowledge further. ♦ ♦ ♦

THE LAST FAIRY TALE

(Continued from page 22)

channel. But we enter the passage, and the vision of height the chart had given us yields to a poor, groveling sight, mocked by maddening projections in the play of many perspectives. That snow-covered mountain, which appeared to be on the shore of a channel, moves to hide behind an island, turns and slips away in the distance, going inland along a fiord. The whole burlesque landscape runs and plays, so that after a while you only manage to fix your eyes on the reddish stones on the shore and the trees leaning lazily over the water. This is the only way you can find an unchanging guidepost in that crazy world that crushes and surpasses man.

In this region there are almost no shores suitable for making a landing. The cliffs shoot up from the water without leaving any space for you to set foot. In some places, flat, low rocks make a natural wharf where ships can berth, so deep is the water alongside the islands. In the English Narrows two sharp-cut walls three thousand feet high enclose a narrow channel in which the vessel passes over a bed another several thousand feet deep, a tremendous abyss that terrifies us and makes us raise our eyes to that small bit of sky up there where the Southern Cross shines between the two mountains.

While the cold is not intense, it rains frequently here. Still farther south, along the Strait of Magellan and in the world's southernmost city, Punta Arenas, the cold becomes unbearable. There the polar night and day exist to the extent that in winter it is dark by three o'clock in the afternoon, and in summertime I have seen the red clouds of a brilliant sunset at midnight as I came out of the theater.

As we continue on south again, oddly enough, the cold lessens. One of the illustrations shows me shirtless at the Beagle Channel, to the south of Tierra del Fuego and just behind Cape Horn. I even went swimming in the sea that day!

You can well understand that it is not easy to travel and navigate in such a capricious and dislocated section of the planet. Unknown reefs, insidious currents and rips, the tides, and the sharp winds that descend from the high mountains and raise a cloud of water like road dust require a degree of skill on the part of the navigator that only we Chileans have attained. Its lack is often fatal to foreign ships that venture through this region without the aid of our pilots. I have seldom seen a more desolate and chilling sight than the famous "Ship Cemetery" at Cape Tamar. There, where the Smyth Channel empties into the Strait of Magellan, you find a whole shore lined with masts twisted like a hand convulsed in anguish, begging for succor. Grounded hulls, leaning smokestacks, booms and tackle in disorder stick out of the foaming sea that whips them pitilessly and depresses us. They are reason's tribute, paid by those who do not believe in fantasy, who think that mysteries and the unknown no longer exist in our world, for it is a long time since anyone has spoken of the "fairy tales."

After reading these things, will the reader still believe they are right? ♦ ♦ ♦

KILOWATTS FOR PROSPERITY

(Continued from page 5)

the President and ministers, who stop there during frequent inspection tours. On the outskirts of Colorines there are acres of nurseries, part of the Commission's reforestation program.

The humming pace of Colorines, the "capital" of the Miguel Alemán System, is echoed a million-fold some 160 miles north, where the electric power generated at Ixtapantongo and Santa Bárbara lights up Mexico City and feeds hundreds of industries in the surrounding area.

Thanks to the Miguel Alemán System, the district of Tlalnepantla, some thirty miles out of Mexico City, has grown in the past few years to the point where it can vie with industrial Monterrey, the "Chicago of Mexico." More than 120 different factories in and around the Tlalnepantla district produce a wide variety of goods: textiles, printing presses, chemicals, pottery, gas, carpets, steel, shoes, flour, paints, toys, and furniture.

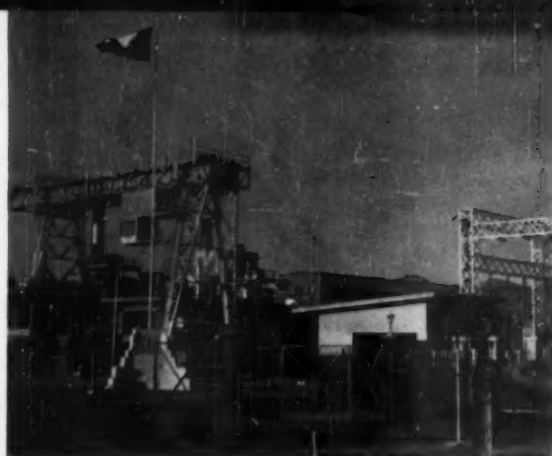
"Electricity for the Progress of Mexico" is the Commission's motto. The realization of some of its aims, such as the Commission's rural electrification projects, are as yet in their infancy. Only about forty small plants, with a capacity of from twenty-seven to 300 kw each, have so far been installed in several rural communities of the states of Colima, Chiapas, Durango, Guerrero, Hidalgo, Jalisco, México, Michoacán, Nayarit, Oaxaca, Puebla, Sinaloa, Sonora, Tabasco, Tamaulipas, and Veracruz. In the state of Nuevo León, small rural towns in the one hundred miles between Monterrey and Linares have recently been electrified by the installation of transmission lines, which carry the power generated at Monterrey's new 30,000 kw thermoelectric plant.

On the other hand, the Commission has given a boost to Mexico's largest single source of hard currency—tourism. One striking example is apparent at the Pacific port of Acapulco, Mexico's lush beach resort. Until recently plunged into darkness as soon as the sun set, the Bay of Acapulco today is as brightly lit as Miami Beach or Nice. Virtually abandoned during the hot summer months to its 32,000 inhabitants, this tropical paradise absorbs some 237,000 tourists during the winter season, from November to March.

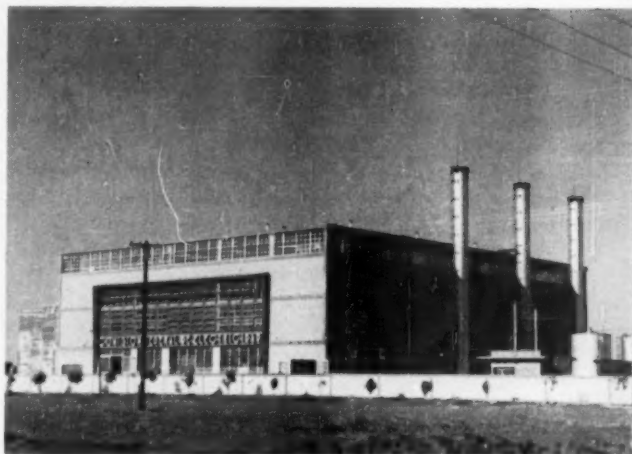
During the season, the local citizens—including hotel owners, souvenir vendors, and those audacious divers who leap into the sea from the cliffs while their companions collect money among the spectators—earn more in a few months than they can spend during the rest of the year. It is therefore with good grace that they greet the hordes of strangers, attired in shorts and shirts of violent hues, who fill their streets and beaches.

A group of Diesel generators, installed in 1951, with a total capacity of 5,000 kw, lights this little port, its bays, roads, and luxury hotels. A 30,000 kw hydroelectric plant is now going up.

One barrier to the Commission's surge forward is Mexico's steel shortage. Raw steel, as well as machinery and equipment, is being imported from the United States, Germany, Belgium, Canada, France, England, Italy,



Chihuahua generators serve important iron, lead, and zinc mining zone in northern Mexico



Plant at Ciudad Obregón, Sonora, is example of Electricity Commission's work to bring power to smaller cities and towns



Looking down the giant ducts that provide man-made waterfall to run the Santa Bárbara hydroelectric plant

Sweden, and Switzerland. The United States is Mexico's main source of imports. Since 1949, the Commission has bought twenty-five million dollars' worth of equipment in the United States alone. A series of loans, the most important of which was the 29,700,000-dollar credit granted early in 1952 by the World Bank, helped finance these purchases. In all, the Bank has lent the Commission \$53,800,000.

Exports from the United States are subject to a strict system of priorities, and each purchase is preceded by long negotiations. But owing to Mexico's growing importance as a source of vital raw materials, the necessary priorities are now being speedily granted. Early last year, the Commission obtained permission to import steel needed for building a substation of the thermo-electric plant at Chihuahua, in Northern Mexico. Six weeks after delivery of the steel parts, the substation was completed.

The Chihuahua plant now operates two generating units, each with a capacity of 15,000 kw. (A third will be ready by April.) Before completion, two mobile generators leased to the Commission by the U.S. Navy helped service the area. This center feeds power into the important mining zone of Parral, which yields a monthly total of 160,000 tons of iron ore and twenty thousand tons of lead and zinc, the bulk of which is exported to the United States. It also came as a godsend to the farmers of this drought-afflicted area. Their crops of cotton and wheat dwindled until the Chihuahua plant came to their rescue by pumping water to irrigate their fields and by powering their cotton gins and cotton seed oil mills.

A fine dust sweeps the wide streets of the city of Chihuahua, which is typical of industrial cities in the northern desert region. Here the vestiges of ancient civilizations and monuments of the colonial era blend harmoniously with the latest innovations of modern science. Chihuahua still preserves the cell where Father Miguel Hidalgo, patriot of the Independence, spent his last night before execution. Another of its centers of pilgrimage is the big colonial-style residence of General Pancho Villa. His widow, Luz Corral de Villa, surrounded by photographs of her hero-husband, entertains tourists with well-memorized anecdotes of her colorful past. In many respects Chihuahuans look like the people in any North American industrial city, until one spots a barefoot member of the Tarahumara, survivors of a primitive Indian tribe. Tall, slender, handsome, with aquiline noses and long hair circled by a band of white cloth, the men wear short, loose, diaper-like garments, while the women are clothed in long skirts—one if single, and an additional skirt for each year of marriage. At night they disappear from the streets and return to their mountain abodes.

In such a rapid expansion of power facilities as Mexico's, it is only natural that difficulties have arisen along the way and that some mistakes have been made. One problem that has provoked criticism is the danger to the hydroelectric plants from excessive siltation due

to deforestation of watersheds. Where there is insufficient covering vegetation to retain rain water, it pours off the mountains, carrying the soil with it. Conservationists calling for stepped-up reforestation have pointed out that erosion is just as bad for the electricity program as for the farmer: dirt may fill in the reservoirs or clog expensive turbines, and the fast runoff may mean prolonged periods of drought that would have been eased by the slow release of water from forested lands. To offset these dangers, Mexico has now launched a nationwide campaign for soil conservation.

"Electricity for Progress" is not the slogan of a nationalized industry. With power installations in twenty-four of the country's twenty-seven states, the Federal Electricity Commission maintains a friendly and practical *modus operandi* with the private power companies. The Belgian-Canadian-owned Mexican Light and Power, the American and Foreign Power, and the Montreal Engineering Company are the principal foreign companies operating in Mexico. Through subsidiary companies, they distribute the power generated by the Commission's plants, while also operating plants of their own. To help small private companies maintain their services to the Mexican consumer, the Commission grants loans, which from 1947 to 1952 reached a total of eighty-seven million pesos.

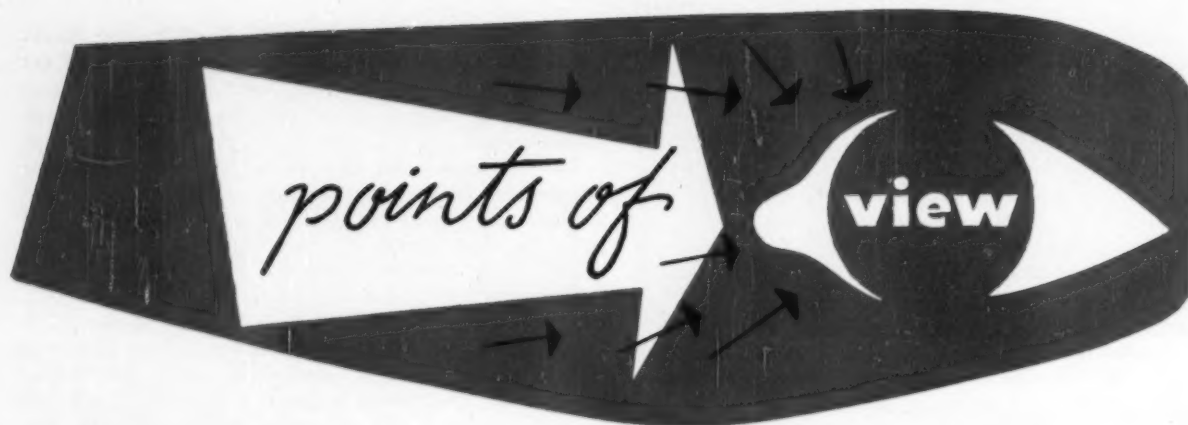
Already Mexico's achievements are becoming known across the borders. Other Latin American nations have sent observers and trainees to the Federal Electricity Commission to study its methods and learn in its plants. In a world trying to steer a middle course between avid selfishness and diseased totalitarianism, the kilowatts-for-prosperity program is one that might well be studied by other peoples. ♦ ♦ ♦

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Inside
back cover Max W. Hunn



LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

WHEN FILM IDOLS Jorge Negrete and María Félix became husband and wife recently, the effect in Mexico was sensational, stupendous, colossal. It was as if Rita Hayworth had married Clark Gable. After the spectacular ceremony, at which the bride wore a peasant-style dress and stole from her latest movie, and the groom full *charro* regalia, *Excelsior* lampooned the whole affair in a staccato parody beginning with an appropriate invitation:

"Men should wear *charro* costumes. Women, stoles. Price: three pesos. Children admitted free. Love in a neat package— With background music by [ex-husband] Agustín Lara— Jorge Negrete is in his glory— The best thing about these lightning marriages is that they only happen in the movies— What about Carlos Thompson of Argentina [María's latest flame]? A strong man must not weep— They're going to spend their honeymoon in the Mezquital Valley— Eventually they will settle in La Laguna and plant cotton— The country comes first. María will create the María Félix Foundation for abandoned children— But first there will be a trip around the world— Propositions have arrived from Iraq and Indo-China— Congratulations have come from Farouk, the Queen of England, Charlie Chaplin, Einstein, Haile Selassie— The fabulous liner *United States* has set aside the commodore's suite— The Waldorf Astoria has asked MacArthur to relinquish his space during the atomic couple's stay in New York— At the airport 890,000 people waited to see them off on their honeymoon—

Like a good *charro*, Jorge Negrete first stole the bride, then married her. María preferred Mexican ballads to tangos. Carlos Thompson's latest tango went like this: '*Adiós, Mariquita linda*, I am going away because you no longer love me the way I love you—' Truman sent the groom a handsome cowboy suit and Perón sent a gaucho outfit. The Maharaja of Kaputala sent the bride a sensational bikini bathing suit—' In short, said the writer, it was an outstanding performance all around.



Cartoon version of the Félix-Negrete nuptials.
—*Excelsior*, Mexico City

CONFESSIONS OF A COFFEE-DRINKER

IT MAY BE SAFE to write such a thing from Paris, as R. Magalhães, Junior, does in the Rio daily *Diário de Notícias*, but at home in the world's number one coffee-producing country he probably wouldn't attempt such heresy:

"I am taking the liberty of giving some free advice to the government and coffee-growers of Brazil: let them send a large group of cooks and coffee-makers to France and Italy, to learn how to make decent coffee—a drink that is an integral part of our national

wealth but that is becoming more and more unbearable in our country. In Italy there are many mechanical coffee-making devices based on the steam principle; the results are always better than ours. Their coffee is blacker, tastier, and above all, hotter. It was on board the *Augustus* that I began to notice we were flunking at coffee-making. And when I landed in Italy I became convinced we are but savages in the matter. In France, as in Italy, coffee-drinking is important, almost a ritual. It's true, though, that coffee is more expensive than in Brazil.

"The microscopic cup of coffee we drink does not exist in Europe. Here the demitasse, even when served after meals, is nearly the size of our tea-cups. Right on the Champs Élysées and other broad boulevards, we can sit on the sidewalk, looking at the Opéra or the Madeleine, the Vendôme column or the Arch of Triumph, just to have coffee. We can linger for twenty minutes, half an hour, or longer, and no waiter will come to wipe the table with a dirty cloth, or even a clean one, insinuating rudely that we should leave. The abominable stand-up counter that prevails in Rio and São Paulo is unknown in these lands.

"North of France things are not the same. Dutch coffee is weak, except in fancy restaurants. It is weaker still in Denmark. And weakest of all in Sweden. Our amiable diplomatic representative in Stockholm, Minister Ferreira Braga, explained why: During the war coffee was rationed in the Swedish kingdom, and being great coffee drinkers, the Swedes insisted on having the same amount, so they made

it with a much smaller quantity of powder. Little by little they got used to the pale, diluted drink. Often the powder was allowed to dry and used a second or third time. As the Swedish taste adapted itself, purchases decreased by 50 per cent in this once excellent market for Brazilian coffee.

"We should have made an effort to reconquer the Swedish market, but the exorbitant price of our coffee has stood in the way. The exaggerated price in Brazil's domestic market (we are paying almost as much as they do in Sweden, in spite of transportation costs, etc.) held back exports. It is a tremendous error in economic policy to give up foreign markets for the domestic one, for this upsets the trade balance. At present we have made the incredible blunder of restricting imports from Sweden as a means of evening up that balance. We have restricted imports of newsprint, of electrical equipment, and, above all, of highly productive and favorably priced machinery, the heart of Swedish exports to Brazil. But let's close this sad parenthesis on the short-sightedness of our public men. Let us return to the Swedish coffee, the torment of us meteoric tourists. The only way to get real coffee here is to ask in restaurants for four servings of powder with water for two.

"In one of the restaurants I went to this request caused quite a sensation. A Swede who had had a little too much *akvavit* heard me explain in English that I had obtained the same dosage in Amsterdam; he thought I was Dutch and mumbled humorously, also in English, so I might hear: 'Those Rembrandts are overdoing it, just because they are so rich.'

"He was wrong about both my nationality and my pocketbook, which could hardly keep up with the high cost of living in Sweden for one fleeting week as a tourist.

"Here I end this awkward parody of Thomas de Quincey—that is, the 'confessions of a coffee-drinker'—but I must insist that those responsible for the destiny of my country send that indispensable committee to Italy and France as soon as possible, for we are wasting our time and our coffee. We know absolutely nothing about making or drinking it."

ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM

SOME OF Mr. Magalhães' compatriots would consider the above a treasonous opinion. A quite different point of view provoked the following editorial in *The Washington Post*:

"Americans have long been accustomed to hearing Britons laugh at their tea balls and tell them they don't know the first principles of tea brewing. Oh well, they've thought, tea's a sissy drink anyway and—just let them try a cup of our coffee! We're really a two-fisted nation of coffee drinkers. But now comes another affront to our national cuisine. Our black coffee 'tastes like medicine,' though with cream it's 'not so bad,' says a group of Brazilian students now at the University of Southern California. In their opinion, we don't roast our coffee beans enough.

"Since Brazil exports six million sacks of coffee annually to this country, these visitors should know. In fact, a good many Americans who take their coffee 'for the cream' will agree with them. That suggests that if we want a national drink to boast of, we'd better fall back on milk. Not only is the production and consumption of milk here steadily increasing (we now consume 134 quarts a year per capita), but—Bossy, if we treat her right, will never let us down on quality."

Laberinto

Por Prohías



To puzzled pedestrian lost in maze of Havana street repairs boy offers: "For just ten cents I'll get you out of here."—By Prohías in *El Mundo*, Havana

NOT QUITE LITERATE

LAST MONTH the AMERICAS article "Trial Run" explained how the Pan American Union is providing a whole new literature for people with limited ability to read and write. Now the Costa Rican daily *La Prensa Libre* of San José raises another point about trying to keep new readers from sliding back into the abyss of illiteracy:

"Our current intensive program of rural education has gradually made us realize that the high rate of literacy of which Costa Rica has been so proud is a myth. . . . Just because a man could sign his name—regardless of the quality of the penmanship or spelling—it was considered that he could read and write. A false presumption.

"A person does not become literate until he has the essential preparation for fully understanding the printed page. Only when the bulk of our citizens have a practical mastery of reading and writing can we boast of our literacy figures. . . .

"Our children and adolescents have been involved in a tragic state of affairs. A rural child enrolls in school and stays as long as his father thinks he is too young to bring in wages or to help with the plowing and other chores around the farm. But as soon as the boy is strong enough, he leaves the classroom and heads for the vegetable patches, the stables, or the truck that carries things to market. Never again does he touch a book or guide a pen or pencil. Naturally, the elementary knowledge acquired during his few days behind a school desk atrophies. . . .

"In the past there has been a disdainful attitude toward rural schools. Teachers looked with apprehension on the possibility of an appointment in the country. And they had good reason to worry, as buildings, equipment, and transportation facilities were inadequate. Besides, it was a mistake to try to use the same teaching methods in rural and urban schools regardless of the difference in circumstances.

"Teachers were actually sent to rural schools by their superiors as a disciplinary measure. Usually it was the ill-prepared instructors, mass-produced in quick courses, who were destined to fill the rural posts. All this created a murky atmosphere around

the country school that prevented it from achieving its high mission. . . .

"The discrimination between urban and rural educational institutions was a disgrace for many years. It betrayed the democratic system by denying the rural child an equal opportunity. If social lines were drawn even in the capital among schools and scholars, it is not hard to imagine the more drastic ones that divided city and country educational facilities. . . . The half-hearted interest in country schools, the failure to face up to the problem of rural education, produced a man who was not entirely illiterate, yet not literate. This was the situation of yesterday.

"Today, however, the rural school is being rehabilitated. Future rural citizens are being given an education tailored to their surroundings and their daily tasks. When the program now under way has accomplished its purpose, we will have a firm foundation for speaking with pride of our low rate of illiteracy."

THE BREAD OF CULTURE

IN SUPPORT of his thesis that "there are incidents in the lives of certain novelists that are just as interesting as any in their novels," a columnist in the Havana daily *Avance* who signs himself "Panóptico" tells a story on Enrique Labrador Ruiz, author of *La Sangre Hambrienta* (Hungry Blood) and frequent contributor to *AMERICAS*.

"... A few days ago I decided to weed out the books in my overcrowded library, and started off to take the discards to a second-hand book store. On the street I met Enrique Labrador Ruiz:

"What do you have there?"

"Junk, bitter and heavy stuff, and leaflets. I must get rid of them. I have no room for them at home."

"Let's see them."

"I unwrapped them quickly and he began to examine them. There were about thirty books. When he was finished, he said gravely: 'There's more than five pesos' worth here. Take them to Collia, on the Plaza del Vapor. Tell him I sent you, so he will treat you right. If I had any money I'd buy them from you.'

"That doesn't matter," I said obligingly; 'if they interest you I'll give

them to you.'

"No, it's not fair."

"But I was going to throw them out. My wife wouldn't let me."

"Labrador Ruiz was shocked. 'Throw away the bread of culture? That's a sacrilege! Books should never be thrown away. They should be sold or given away. Give me a few of them.' He picked up a handful at random, without looking at the titles.

"But this is all junk," I said.

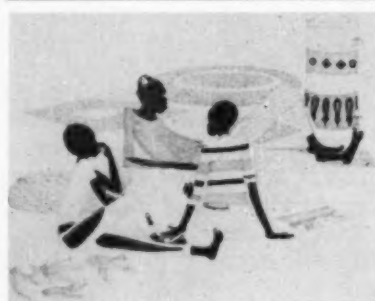
"This is bread, Panóptico, the bread of culture, our daily bread. Now be off to see Collia; don't stick around, for I feel like keeping all of them.' I went my way with the package, wondering about the writer's whims. Here's a man, I told myself, a discriminating reader, who has a magnificent and select library, and now he's decided to collect junk. It's hard to believe.

"Arriving at the Plaza del Vapor, I placed my package on a table: 'Labrador Ruiz sent me here. I hope you will treat me well.'

"The storekeeper, an elderly gentleman wearing *fin-de-siècle* spectacles, opened the package quickly, counted the books without looking at them, stuck his hand in the drawer, took out some coins, and gave them to me without a word.

"Fifty centavos? But sir, look at the books. They're worth at least five pesos. Labrador Ruiz told me—"

"Collia looked me over from head to toes and said superciliously: 'Surely you can have breakfast for a peso. Fifty centavos will buy coffee and milk with bread and butter and you still



During the six months he spent studying people from a street corner in Rio de Janeiro, the young self-taught Argentine artist Manuel Zorilla felt the drama of coloring, expressed in the natural dialectic of black and white. This sample of his work is called *The Carefree Air of Youth*. —Habitat, Rio de Janeiro

have change for some bread with *cazón* and twenty tiny codfish fritters.'

"What are you saying? Do I look hungry, by any chance?"

"The bookseller glanced at me again and said in a conciliatory tone: 'You are not a poet.'

"It doesn't worry me in the least."

"I thought so. Then of course you are a novelist. You novelists have higher aspirations. All right, take another half peso. Not a centavo more. Just think—two or three poets come here each day, sent by Labrador Ruiz. At this rate they'll ruin him. Besides, I have instructions not to overdraw."

"I was baffled: 'Sir, I don't get it. I'm not a novelist but a journalist. I brought you these books because I want to sell them, and I don't need the money for breakfast. Either you give me the five pesos or I'll take them elsewhere. I'm not in such dire need as you think.'

"Then something unexpected happened: the bookseller took off his glasses, looked at me aggressively, and asked: 'Weren't these books lent to you by Labrador Ruiz so you could eat the bread of culture?'"

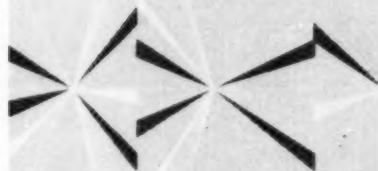
"What bread and what culture, sir? These books are mine, very much mine, exclusively mine."

"Collia shook his head nervously, as if to shake off a nightmare, and shouted, throwing up his arms: 'Heaven help me! What a mess! Why didn't you tell me that before? I thought—well, forgive me. This Labrador is driving me crazy with his poets.' And without further explanation he began to examine them carefully. He looked them over page by page, as if searching for an identifying password. Finally, he put his hand in the drawer and gave me the five pesos. Then he told me in confidence a fantastic story, which explains his strange attitude:

"Labrador Ruiz' book collection is a sort of public library. All kinds of poor writers, budding novelists, young poets, starving poets, naked-poor essayists, promising beginners who lack money to eat the bread of culture—good books—congregate there. They are always asking to take books home to read. Since Labrador is incapable of saying no to his admirers, pupils, or protégés, they do as they please. The books leave his library by the

PERSPECTIVES

USA



LITERATURE

ART

MUSIC

First issue of new quarterly published by the Ford Foundation, to appear in English, French, German, and Italian editions at the outset, with Spanish, and perhaps others, to follow. It will present the best creations of contemporary U.S. writers, musicians, and artists in an effort to help readers abroad "view the culture of the United States in proper perspective" and enable U.S. artists "to communicate freely with the people of other lands"

dozen and later turn up at second-hand bookstores. He has lost valuable volumes this way and has been able to recover them only at great cost. Some time ago he decided to use a code mark in the middle pages of his ten thousand volumes, aside from the *ex libris* they all carry on the first page. He entered into an agreement with the booksellers on Reina Street, whereby they pledged themselves to return to him all the books with the mark for a modest 10 per cent over the price they paid. But some of the books ended up in the hands of private collectors, and remained lost.

"These poets," Colliá told me, "are the most cynical people in the world. They don't even bother to conceal their intention. They come to Labrador's home, see a book entitled *Afternoon Clouds*, pick it up, and say: 'Dear maestro, what a suggestive title—afternoon clouds, evening coffee.' And they sell it to me for half a peso. The next day Labrador canvasses the Reina Street bookstores in a frenzy: 'Have you got *Afternoon Clouds* yet? Please keep it for me until the end of the month.' Some [of the poets] are quite emphatic and affected; they come to Labrador and say: 'Dear maestro, I've just had a tragic experience. I

had my Dante, my precious Dante illustrated by Gustavo Doré, in an old family chest, and I have just discovered it's all eaten up by bugs and moths. Don't you, by any chance, have a Dante illustrated by Gustavo Doré to quench my literary thirst?' 'Certainly, poet,' the novelist replies, 'but promise me not to leave it around. After reading it, leave it at Colliá's bookstore.'"

"So this is the bread of culture eaten by the poets at Labrador Ruiz' library—bread with jam, bread with cheese, and bread with *cazón*, which is nothing but bread with slices of shark. Labrador has lost so many valuable books that he has no alternative now but to collect cheaper books so that the poets can go on eating their bread of culture in peace. Now, when somebody wants to borrow a rare edition of Góngora or Quevedo, he replies smilingly: 'Don't you think these fifteen volumes by Luis de Val are more substantial and nutritious?'"

HOLD THAT LINE

YOUNG READERS of Santiago's *El Mercurio* must have gotten pretty hot under the collar when they read this commentary by (we presume) one of the paper's more mature contributors, who signs himself E. S. S.

"From a psychological standpoint it is essential for each human being to undergo various stages of development. No one—child, adolescent, young adult, mature man, or ancient—can escape this prerequisite for a normal and integrated life. . . . However, since this principle is not always carried out consistently, we find people who in some respects seem perfectly normal but in others do not behave according to their age—adults who act childish or children and adolescents who are too serious.

"The youth of today gets involved in everything: politics, public administration, education, art, philosophy, commerce. Nothing is beyond its reach. Recently I saw a poster showing youth breaking its own chains. What chains, I wonder, are preventing today's young people from shaping their present or their future as they please? Has there ever been a generation that was more independent, had more confidence in itself, and showed less respect for its elders?"

"Almost any child of twelve has already gone on strike against this or that government measure or pointed out to the nation's highest authority his lack of judgment in solving such and such a problem.

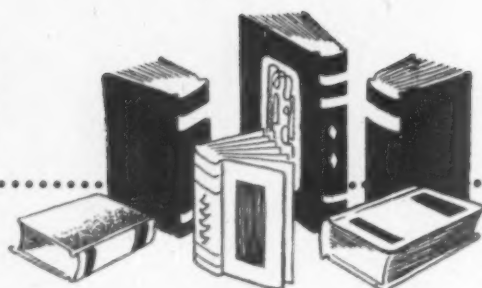
"Nowadays a government worker of twenty-eight or thirty aspires to become a section chief, and considers himself slighted if someone with twenty or more years of service gets the job. In a coeducational university not long ago I overheard some students referring to 'the old man of the Spanish department,' who turned out to be a capable professor of no more than forty. . . .

"The youthful branches of political parties, which include high-school freshmen, take part in street disputes and intervene through their deputies in adult meetings. In civil service, in education, in semi-official organizations, despite statutes and classification systems, there is constant pressure from the bottom that practically forces capable executives to retire. This weakens the affection and loyalty of the older employees for the institution that has provided their daily bread . . . over the course of many years. And sections are left in the hands of people who are not very intelligent or who lack the judgment that comes only with experience and maturity. . . .

"The same thing happens in business. There is a terrific urge to arrive in a hurry, to amass a fortune by the age of thirty, if possible. All kinds of measures are employed to attain this end, some of which are just barely legal. Quick fortune has always fascinated both the ingenuous and the bold, but it is the latter who generally achieve it—if they don't find themselves in prison first.

"In short, our young people have a dangerous impatience to reach the goal prematurely. This is especially serious now that the average life span is so much longer. What will the young people do who at thirty have drained every cup, won all the honors? What new ideals and aspirations will they find to keep from going stale? What will be the future of a society that is run by impatient youths? And what will be the effect on future generations of fathers and grandfathers who had no real childhood or adolescence?"

BOOKS



THE END OF ISOLATIONISM

IN *The Challenge to Isolation*, William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason have given us a huge, scholarly work, teeming with documentation, covering the decline and suffocation of neutrality agitation in the United States on the eve of the nation's entry into World War II. It covers the period from the time of President Franklin Roosevelt's "quarantine the aggressors" speech in October 1937 to his agreement with Great Britain in mid-1940 for defensive air bases in the West Indies in exchange for a flotilla of over-age naval destroyers.

Its authors have manifestly benefited by their access to the voluminous amount of research material they and their staff have plowed through. Dr. Langer, for example, a professor of history at Harvard, chief of the Research and Analysis Branch of the United States Office of Strategic Services during the war, is now director of research for the Central Intelligence Agency. Dr. Gleason, a former associate professor of history at Amherst College, served as chief of the current intelligence staff of the OSS and is now deputy executive secretary of the National Security Council. No other two experts could have known better where to get all the facts for such an extensive treatment of a complex and critical period in United States history, or how to use them.

The result of their labors is a literally prodigious feat of information packaging. *The Challenge to Isolation* contains a full account of the Munich crisis over Czechoslovakia in 1938 and of the complicated diplomatic operations in Berlin and Moscow leading up to the Hitler-Stalin pact of August 1939. It follows in detail the tortuous course of Japan's undeclared war in China during the thirties, and its effects upon the politics and diplomacy of both the Axis and the Western powers.

It shows, with lengthy citations from government papers and the private correspondence of statesmen in the United States and Europe, how the Roosevelt administration worked slowly and cautiously but effectively to change the neutrality concepts of North American law and sentiment so that within a few months of the outbreak of the war the Western Allies could be helped by the delivery of munitions on a "cash and carry" basis. It relates the processes by which the Inter-American Conference at Lima in December 1938 and the consultative meetings of American foreign ministers at Panama in 1939 and Havana in 1940 were used to rally the Latin American states in essential support of the United States position. It conscientiously and objectively traces the struggle in the internal politics of the United States by

which majority public opinion and eventually the controlling leadership of both major parties were won for the cause of "aid to the Allies."

All this—and infinitely more—is told in adequately clear, though somewhat pedestrian, prose whose end product is a superb reference work. But the sheer scope and complexity of the narrative hardly makes for easy or exciting reading. *The Challenge to Isolation* can best be absorbed as university students absorb their more abstruse textbooks—no more than fifty pages a day.

With traditional academic restraint, the authors announce no hard and fast conclusions. The facts they marshal in such impressive array, however, convey their own grim message.

In the major power struggles of modern civilization, neutrality is an outworn delusion. Weaker nations can only gamble upon it at the risk of conquest and the loss of national life and independence. The strong can only preserve neutrality by fighting for it—in effect, by becoming belligerents themselves, as the United States was forced to do in World War I and even in the Napoleonic wars.

Finally, to the extent that it determines who shall be the victors in global conflict and thus sets the lines of tension in the next power struggle, the neutrality of a strong power, even if it can be preserved, is a form of

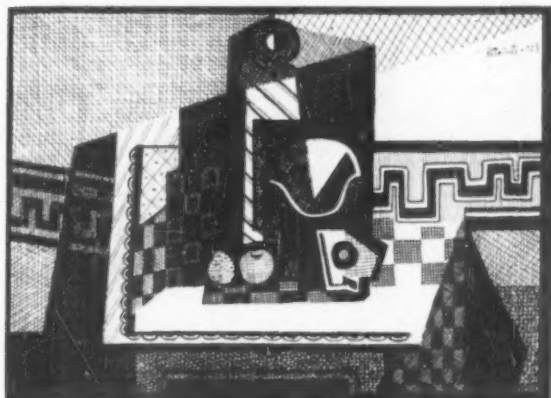


Young visitor absorbed in one of the volumes on display at the Children's Book Fair, held November 15-22 under the auspices of the Washington Post and the city's booksellers. Besides two thousand U.S. books, the exhibition included a Latin American collection in Spanish and Portuguese lent by the Department of State and the Smithsonian Institution's group representing fifty-two countries—two hundred foreign books in all.

intervention. The United States in World War II, this monumental book essentially instructs us, was moving in 1940 toward a more purposeful intervention on the side of its own interests—as far as it could then gauge them—in the future security of world society.

The Challenge to Isolation is published for the Council on Foreign Relations as one of a series of volumes on "The World Crisis and American Foreign Policy." So apparently there will be further works of similar scope and cogency on the developing history of our era. They should be invaluable aids to an intellectual understanding of the problems of power struggle in modern civilization—if there is time.—*Duncan Aikman*

THE CHALLENGE TO ISOLATION, by William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1952. 794 p. \$7.50



RECENT MEXICAN FICTION

IN NOVEMBER Mexico celebrated the forty-second anniversary of its Revolution. The festivals coincided with the official opening of a superhighway, between Cuernavaca and Mexico City, and of a super-university, the Ciudad Universitaria. With both these acts—and there were others—symbolizing the forward movement of the republic, there goes a certain national pride that inevitably fans the flames of a growing passion verging on chauvinism. Whether the present economic, political, and cultural position of Mexico represents a fulfillment of the aims of the Revolution is, of course, beyond the scope of this note. But what seems certain is that there exists and is felt everywhere throughout the country a recrudescence of nationalism. This is amply reflected in numerous collections of works dealing with the past, present, and future of Mexico: the hundred-volume series "Cultura Mexicana," sponsored by the National University; the forty-volume series "La Estructura Social y Cultural de México," sponsored by the Nacional Financiera; the multi-volume existentialist (that too!) "México y lo Mexicano," edited by the philosopher Leopoldo Zea; and so on and on.

Oddly enough, creative writing (the short story, for instance) does not follow this conspicuous trend. In the past, to speak of Mexican fiction was tantamount to speaking of the Novel of the Revolution, which to this

day remains a favorite topic for Ph.D. dissertations. Something of this tradition is felt in Jorge Ferretis' tales collected in *El Coronel que Asesinó el Palomo y Otros Cuentos* (The Colonel Who Killed the Pigeon, and Other Stories). The veteran narrator, who had remained silent for a good many years, once more depicts, with a certain nostalgia, scenes culled from the years of the Revolution. As usual, in his characteristic realistic vein, he plays a counterpoint of toughness and tender, even lachrymose, sentimentality shown, for example, in the title story.

This trend immediately disappears as one enters the world of Francisco Rojas González, whose posthumous stories in *El Diosero* (The Pharisee) have little of Ferretis' slice-of-life realism. Here everyday existence is seen through magic glasses. The narrative becomes a transcription of folklore, a folklore steeped in fantasy and uncanny unreality. It may not be amiss to remember that in Rojas González the ethnologist and the gifted writer met. His narrative, simple and racy on the surface, is shot through with a dense mythological content; it can be said, to use a term in vogue years ago, that he has used "magic realism." In sagas like "La Tona" (in Mexican folklore, an animal spirit that guards a newborn infant), "Las Vacas de Quiviquinta" (The Cows of Quiviquinta), and "La Parábola del Joven Tuerto" (The Parable of the One-Eyed Youth), to mention only three, we see his constant joining of the real and the unreal.

Moving still farther from everyday circumstances toward the world of fantasy and dream are the collections of stories by Jiménez Montellano, Arreola, and Tario. *El Arca del Angel* (The Angel's Ark) brings together the posthumous papers of the gifted poet (for his lyrical prose can be called poetry) Bernardo Jiménez Montellano, who was drowned in Acapulco the summer before last. His prose here is carefully wrought, tight, classical, the material turning and twisting smoothly into metaphors or poetic myths—somewhat Poelike, somewhat reminiscent at times of Rimbaud's prose poems. And yet, though one feels oneself to be in the presence of a writer of tremendous potentialities, there can be but little claim to outstanding achievement in this work.

In *Confabulario* (Conspirator), on the other hand, the growth of young Juan José Arreola is easily discernible. The appearance of his first volume of short stories, *Varia Invención* (Varied Invention), a couple of years ago, was an event of the first magnitude. Now, with *Confabulario*, we are sure that something new and arresting does exist in Mexican letters, for this second book clearly shows a widening and deepening of his talent. His control of his utterance is thorough. Without intending to suggest influences, one thinks of Jorge Luis Borges. Both seem able to do with the Spanish language whatever they wish to. Not only with language, but with atmosphere, with climate, with mood. Just as Borges does, Arreola can write one year a realistic gem, his magnificent "El Cuervo" (The Raven Hunter), and the next an imaginative masterpiece like "El Guardaguas" (The Switchman). But the resemblance stops there. Although the adjective "Kafkaian" fits both writers so well (and



also hundreds of other contemporary writers living through the same Kafkaian times), one is still unable to explain or even describe the fullness of their art. In Arreola one witnesses an eternal game between physical and metaphysical values—he is superlatively suggestive in that sense—but in *Confabulario* there is a marked and almost omnipresent note that seems to stand out in sharp relief: his satiric humor. In this respect it would be difficult to find in contemporary letters a more sprightly and convincing piece than “*De Balística*” (On Ballistics).

The comic sense may be considered dominant in *Tapioca Inn*, the latest and most satisfying work by the talented Francisco Tario. As one follows his ripening through the five or six short books he has published, one feels that he has succeeded brilliantly in forging for himself a style, a technique, a world—and what a world! An inn full of ghosts. Suffice it to recall that *Tapioca Inn* is subtitled “*Mansión para Fantasma*.” Nothing can be more remote from the sociological world of the Novel of the Revolution than this “abode of ghosts.” It is all very truculent and full of verve and good fun: a divertissement from beginning to end—a caricature suggestive at times of Gide’s “*act gratuit*,” at times of Cocteau and Lautréamont. Man’s foibles and aberrations float in a Freudian mist, diaphanous or poignant or corrosive like the unforgettable “*El Mar, la Luna y los Banqueros*” (The Sea, the Moon, and the Bankers) or “*La Semana Escarlata*” (The Scarlet Week).

There is no doubt that Tario, like Arreola, has won for himself the loftiest position in Latin American writing, and their work is so original and so engaging that the circumscribing term “Latin American” sounds almost detrimental when applied to a creation that transcends the restrictions of the “home made.” The works of Tario and Arreola stand high, indeed, rubbing shoulders with the best the United States or Europe or Asia or Africa is producing. For that reason it has world significance, and it is high time the folks at home realize it.—*Angel Flores*

EL CORONEL QUE ASESINÓ EL PALOMO Y OTROS CUENTOS, by Jorge Ferretis. Mexico, Tezontle, 1952. 209 p.

EL DIOSERO, by Francisco Rojas González. Mexico, Fondo de Cultura Económica (Colección Letras Mexi-

canas No. 4), 1952. 142 p.

EL ARCA DEL ANGEL, by Bernardo Jiménez Montellano. Mexico, Tezontle, 1952. 139 p.

CONFABULARIO, by Juan José Arreola. Mexico, Fondo de Cultura Económica (Colección Letras Mexicanas No. 2), 1952. 100 p.

TAPIOCA INN, by Francisco Tario. Mexico, Tezontle, 1952. 259 p.

GRADUATE COURSE FOR FOREIGNERS

THERE SEEMS TO BE widespread concern in the United States nowadays about how North Americans get along with foreigners and vice versa. In one of his recent columns in the *Washington Post*, André Visson expressed alarm at the resentment existing between the American G.I. stationed overseas and the nationals of the various host countries, and called for “indoctrination” on both sides. Another recent article in the same newspaper pointed to the adjustment problems facing foreign students, who are coming to the States in increasing numbers. In this case the indoctrination is already being administered, by private citizens of good will who have taken the students under their wing and by such official efforts as the State Department orientation courses or the Americanization School, where the foreigner gets a more complete “treatment.”

But those of us who voluntarily seek to live abroad are more or less on our own, dependent on self-indoctrination. For we won’t do ourselves a bit of good by remaining aloof from the problems, domestic and otherwise, of our host country; if we ignore them, we might as well go back where we came from. There are the obvious sources of information on such problems. But along with the classic multi-volumed texts, a book has just come out that might serve as a graduate course for foreigners interested in U.S. (and, to a certain extent, international) current events. It’s called *The Herblock Book*.

One of the difficulties of reviewing it is that one finds nothing to say *against* it. That always leaves the reviewer with a vague fear of being considered “unobjective.” Everybody knows Herblock (a telescoped version of his real name, Herbert Block) as a great cartoonist. And

“Confess! The Americans Sent You!”



Illustration from *The Herblock Book*, a volume of commentary and cartoons

now he comes forward with a volume of penetrating commentary on and analysis of the subjects depicted in his recent cartoons. One may disagree with his views. But that would be a highly unintelligent reason for panning his book. One may criticize his style. But it is really delightful. One may say he's biased, in a way. But how else can one take a stand on any issue? One might say the laudatory remarks on the book jacket are exaggerated. But after reading the book, it is hard to disagree with Archibald MacLeish, Carl Sandburg, Eric Sevareid, and the others quoted.



Herblock's own version of how he gets his day's work done

The familiar cartoons are there too. Some are down-right funny, others grimly accusing. I have heard a prominent Brazilian who admires Herblock's cartoons remark that perhaps he "over-labels" them. A satisfactory explanation for the labeling—playing safe—is given in the chapter entitled "The Face is Familiar." As a matter of fact, along with his political commentary, Herblock touches on the problems facing the cartoonist and describes his own method of work (which turns out to be lack of method). He seems to enjoy himself immensely in the process. He also tells of people's reactions to his cartoons. Many can't take the ribbing, but he never hears from them directly; on the other hand, some prominent political figures, including the President, get such a kick out of caricatures of themselves that they call up to ask for the original drawings. "In a country where the head man can laugh when the cartoon is on him," says Mr. Block in inadvertent rhyme, "this really isn't such a bad line of work to be in."

So this book is heartily recommended for inclusion in the required-reading list of all those interested in contemporary U.S. life, including us foreigners, who will find it very enlightening for an understanding of U.S. political and social problems. Herblock does as much for this country as Coke has done for Chile or Belmonte and J. Carlos for Brazil.—*Benedicta Quirino dos Santos*
THE HERBLOCK BOOK, by Herbert Block. Boston, Beacon Press, 1952. 244 p. \$2.75



A WORD WITH

Carlos López Narváez

*"Washington en otoño
Me da la sensación
De que el día no lo hace el sol
Sino los árboles. . ."*

Washington in autumn
Gives me the impression
That the trees, not the sun,
Make the daylight. . .

In a low-pitched and pleasant voice Colombian poet Carlos López Narváez ad-libbed these rhythmic lines as we settled down for a brief interview. The fragment, which may well grow into a full-fledged new poem, was inspired during his stopover in Washington, D.C. As Director of Cultural Extension at the National University in Bogotá, Dr. López is visiting the United States to study universities, particularly the manner in which they have solved problems relating to foreign students and their specialized libraries. While here, he hopes to interest the universities in his own school's enlarged summer program for foreign students.

For the past eight years the Colombian educator has been closely associated with his country's Ministry of Education and the Foreign Ministry. He is a professor of literature and author of five books of poetry, of which the most recent carries the suggestive title *Cartas a una Sombra* (Letters to a Shadow). Two of his volumes, entitled *La Voz en el Eco* (The Voice in the Echo) and *El Cielo en el Río* (The Sky in the River) contain his translations of French and American poets.

Of the U.S. poets, he has devoted the most time to Robert Frost and Emily Dickinson. "What draws you particularly to the work of Frost?" I asked.

"The lyric quality with which he saturates everything he mentions, whether concrete or abstract. A Colombian poet's observation that 'everything appeals to [the poet], everything contains the universal' applies above all to Robert Frost. Whether his poem concerns a demolished wall or a gentle invitation to clear the leaves away from the fountain, Frost teaches us to sing as we meditate. Undoubtedly this explains why so many Latin Americans who can sample Frost's wines in their original bottles hold him in high esteem. But please tell the reader that Robert Frost will be translated more and more into Spanish. As Goethe said, only great poetry is translatable.

"Emily Dickinson interests me for quite another reason. Frost is the boundary line between earth and space; Emily is the abysmal cave in which the mysteries of the soul are rooted. Her poetry is a combination of intellect and deep sensitivity. I consider her the greatest poetess since Sappho—if Sappho really existed. A recent study in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Thornton Wilder—masterly like all his work—says all that can be said on this subject. In Latin America, Emily is less known than Frost, but her fame is growing."

"Judging from the universities you have already visited, would you say there's much difference between student activities here and at home?" I asked.

"Definitely, particularly in their attitude toward politics, obviously based on differences in heritage, environment, temperament, and way of life. In Latin America an unfortunate and almost always destructive precocity manifests itself in student intervention in political struggles. Perhaps I shouldn't admit that, but in my opinion the truth is always in good taste."

"Do you think this trip will produce another volume of poetry?"

"You may remember that following his first visit here a well-known Colombian turned out a pair of small books that he facetiously entitled *Skyscrapers and Carrots*. Perhaps this obscure visitor will also try to record his impressions in a book that might be called *Classrooms and Men of Good Will in the U.S.A.*"—*Alice Raine*

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Some fifty Latin Americans were among the six hundred librarians, archivists, historians, and men of letters who gathered in Madrid recently to discuss common technical problems and copyright protection at the Ibero-American-Philippine congress of librarians. Pictured before a session are (from left): Marietta Daniels, Associate Librarian of the PAU Columbus Memorial Library, who attended as an observer for the PAU and the Library of Congress; Francisco Sintes Obrador, Director of Archives and Libraries in the Spanish Ministry of Education and president of the congress; Mrs. Maria Luisa Monteiro, Director of Libraries at the University of São Paulo, Brazil; Bernadette Neves, Librarian of the Polytechnical School in Bahia, Brazil; and J. Joaquín Pardo, Director of Guatemala's National Archives. After the Madrid meetings, the delegates split up to visit the famed archives and libraries of Seville, Salamanca, and Barcelona.

Luis Vera of the PAU Housing and City Planning Section, official delegate of the OAS, addressed a session of the VIII Pan American Congress of Architects at Mexico's new University City. Two thousand delegates representing the architects' societies of the twenty-one American republics plus Spain, France, England, Sweden, and Italy discussed the problems of providing much-needed hospitals, school and university buildings, and low-cost housing.



Newly elected OAS Council officers receive congratulations and a briefing from their predecessors. Left to right: Vice Chairman Luis Oscar Boettner, Ambassador of Paraguay to the United States and the OAS; Chairman René Lépervanche Pararcén, Venezuela's Ambassador to the Organization; outgoing Chairman John C. Dreier, of the United States; and former Vice Chairman Rafael Heliodoro Valle, Ambassador of Honduras to the United States and the OAS.



Many of the American republics underlined their belief in the critical importance of the current meeting of the UN General Assembly by sending their Foreign Ministers or other high cabinet officers to head their delegations. In between the New York sessions, Paraguayan Foreign Minister Bernardo Ocampos came down to Washington to demonstrate the close ties between the United Nations and the regional organization by addressing the OAS Council.

Brazilian Foreign Minister João Neves da Fontoura, also in the United States for the UN meeting, speaking before the OAS Council, called for a common effort of the American countries to raise living standards and promote prosperity and economic development. To this end, he suggested strengthening the Inter-American Economic and Social Council and the corresponding department of the Pan American Union, and he hailed the contribution of the OAS technical-assistance program.



TREASURE HUNT

(Continued from page 8)

from the mainland. It is supposed to have been a favorite safety deposit vault of the masterful Edward Davis during the 1630's, when he was systematically lightening the loads of Spanish vessels along the west coast of Central and South America, and later of that other salty scoundrel, Benito Bonito.

Still more tons of gold, silver, and jewelry were buried there in 1820, according to a persistent but unproved story, by a Captain Thompson, skipper of the merchant brig *Mary Dear* (spelled *Dier* in some versions). Thompson, it seems, had been entrusted with carrying a large quantity of wealth from Peru to Spain during San Martín's drive on Lima, and the temptation had proved too much for him. The *Mary Dear* was later captured, and the crew met the accustomed fate of those who flew the Jolly Roger, but the captain himself managed to escape. In 1844 he turned up in Newfoundland, where he was befriended by a man named Keating, and, like all good pirates, he returned the kindness as he gasped out his last breath with directions for finding the cache. The instructions, like the whole situation, were classic. Once in a certain carefully described bay, Keating was to "follow the coastline till you find a creek, where, at high-water mark, you go up the bed of a stream which flows inland. Now, you step out seventy paces, west by south, and against the skyline you will see the gap in the hills. . . . Turn north, and walk to a stream. You will now see a rock with a smooth face, rising sheer like a cliff. At the height of a man's shoulder above the ground, you will see a hole large enough for you to insert your thumb. Thrust in an iron bar, twist it round in the cavity, and behind you will find a door which opens on the treasure." Keating, as the story goes, confided in a Captain Bogue and together they went to Cocos and located the cache. Bogue got himself drowned in the course of the proceedings, but Keating reportedly arrived back in Newfoundland with some of the loot and later made several trips back to the island for more.

In the last hundred years a long procession of firm believers in these stories have gone to Cocos, armed with spades, pickaxes, dynamite, and hot clues, making its six square miles some of the most raked-over on earth. With the help of landslides and earthquakes, these treasure seekers have so changed the face of the island that even charts drawn in good faith would no longer be of any use. There is room here to mention only a few incidents in the checkered history of this isolated corner of the tropics. In 1904 there was a pitched battle between two rival British expeditions that happened to be using identical charts, which ended with both groups going home battered and empty-handed. Seven years later two plucky Englishwomen—Miss L. Brocklesby and Mrs. Barre Tile—went to Cocos after gold for the support of orphans, but even such a philanthropic purpose brought them no luck. And a hermit named August Gissler lived on the island for seventeen years without finding anything but a solitary doubloon. The strange thing is that despite all the unhappy precedents groups

of hopefuls from all parts of the world still head for Cocos at frequent intervals.

Another island shrouded in tales of buried treasure is Brazil's Ilha da Trindade, located in the South Atlantic several hundred miles out of Rio de Janeiro. The first of many expeditions to this desolate collection of lava rocks was organized in 1889 by E. F. Knight, a young London lawyer, who was convinced an infallible treasure map had fallen into his hands. He collected a company of volunteers, purchased the cutter *Alerte*, and set out for Trindade with drilling apparatus, hydraulic jacks for lifting boulders, wheelbarrows, assorted picks and shovels, and a water-distilling plant. They spent three months on "the accursed spot" and dug up a whole ravine before concluding that there was no use in going on with the project. Knight seems to have taken the whole thing philosophically, for he wrote afterward: "Well, indeed, it was for us that we had not found the pirates' gold; for we seemed happy enough as we were, and if possessed of this hoard, our lives would of a certainty have become a burden to us. We should be too precious to be comfortable. We should degenerate into miserable, fearsome hypochondriacs, careful of our means of transit, dreadfully anxious about what we ate or drank, miserably cautious about everything. . . ."

What is probably the Western Hemisphere's most frustrating hoard of buried treasure lies beneath the sandy earth of Oak Island in Mahone Bay on Nova Scotia's Atlantic coast, about thirty-five miles below Halifax. Back in 1795 three young men named Smith, Vaughn, and McGinnis from the nearby town of Chester discovered on this island an oak tree with the unmistakable marks of a heavy block and tackle on one of its lower branches, and noticed a circular depression in the cleared turf below. Not far away they found a coin dated 1713. Hurrying back with shovels the next day, they started digging into what turned out to be a clearly defined shaft with horizontal layers of planking every ten feet. They had to give up at a depth of thirty feet for want of heavy equipment and a larger force. Six years later a physician from Truro induced a number of prominent Nova Scotians to invest in the project, and the shaft was extended to a depth of ninety-five feet, with some sort of horizontal layer continuing to appear at ten-foot intervals. At that point the shaft suddenly filled with water—channeled, as it turned out, through an ingeniously contrived tunnel from the sea. An attempt was made to drain the shaft by digging a second pit, but this filled up without lowering the water level in the other, and the group admitted defeat.

For the next forty-eight years no one went near the "Money Pit," as it came to be called. Then a new company, formed in 1849, decided to send a borer through the water to see if any light could be shed on what was down there. After piercing the wooden platform at ninety-five feet, the drill dropped twelve inches, went through four inches of oak, and then—much to the excitement of the operators—tunneled its way through twenty-two inches of metal in pieces, picking up three links resembling an ancient watch chain. Next it went

through eight more inches of oak (believed to be the bottom of the first chest and the top of the second), twenty-two more of metal, four more of oak, and six of spruce. Finally it went through clay for seven feet without striking anything. Numerous attempts made the next year to block up the tunnel from the sea got nowhere, and the bottomless pit was once more abandoned.

In 1896 another set of promoters raised a large amount of capital and hired a group of engineers to tackle the problem with the latest techniques and equipment. Twenty shafts and a network of tunnels were dug in a circle around the Money Pit, in an all-out but useless effort to intercept the channel and drain the ancient excavation. More boring disclosed additional layers of wood and soft metal, presumed to be gold or silver, more than a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. Fifteen years after this attempt the Bold Wrecking and Salvage Association of New York tried its hand at find-



U.S. Navy salvage operations at Pearl Harbor. Pontoons are lowered to the bottom, then filled with compressed air to raise the tug

ing an answer to the conundrum, with no better results. What minds contrived this hiding place that the best engineering brains and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of labor and equipment have failed to uncover? Local tradition has long credited Captain William Kidd with the accomplishment. However, according to modern historians Kidd not only never went near Nova Scotia but, in spite of his romantic reputation, probably never got hold of enough treasure to warrant such elaborate precautions against discovery. "Fate," wrote Ralph D. Paine in his *Book of Buried Treasure* "has played the strangest tricks imaginable with the memory of this seventeenth-century seafarer who never cut a throat or made a victim walk the plank, who was no more than a third or fourth rate pirate in an era when this interesting profession was in its heyday. . . ."

The question of who buried what at Oak Island remains unanswered. Most treasure seekers prefer to look where less capital and mechanical science are involved. And there is no shortage of advice on likely places. A persistent Mexican rumor insists that a large quantity of Spanish doubloons from a wrecked galleon were buried on the islet of San Miguel off Santa Barbara,



Pino's weird hydroscope, used to retrieve treasure from sunken galleons in Vigo Bay on coast of Spain

California, which supposedly could be found with patience and a good electronic detector. In Baltimore, pick-and-shovel enthusiasts solemnly tell anyone who will listen that on the old Frederick Road near the suburb of Catonsville a wealthy skipper who fled France at the start of the French Revolution buried fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold coins close to the surface in a wrought-iron chest, which is still right where he put it. The beaches of Florida and the other Gulf states are still being assiduously combed for the buried fortunes of stalwarts like William "Billy Bowlegs" Rogers and Jean Lafitte. A formal syndicate was organized in the thirties for the purpose of searching out the latter's legacy by a Texan named Hargruder, who claimed to be descended from one of his "associates." No success was recorded. Even those who make finds seem to disapprove of the whole business of treasure hunting. A Chicago manufacturer named E. C. Cole, for example, who turned up a chunk of gold worth about eight hundred dollars on a coral reef south of Miami in 1913, commented afterward that if the people on the Florida coast "put as much energy into digging with agricultural results in view, they would all be rich."

Among the hundreds of wrecks that still challenge the ingenuity of divers are the pirate ship *Whidah*, which sank off Wellfleet, Massachusetts, with half a million dollars in gold and silver aboard; the *De Braak*, which went down one mile off Lewes, Delaware, in 1797, with millions of dollars' worth of loot taken off Spanish vessels by its British officers and crew; the *Don Carlos II*, which sank in Cuba's Matanzas Bay in 1812 with two million dollars in gold, silver, and copper coins; and the two coral-encrusted galleons seen and photographed by deep-sea diver John D. Craig in 1938 on the same reef where Phips found the treasure-filled ship two and a half centuries before (in fact, they may be part of the same fleet).

From time to time spectacular new devices for getting things out of Davy Jones' locker have been developed, like the huge siphon first used in 1932 to suck up bullion and coins from the liner *Colombia*, shipwrecked on the California coast. But before World War II progress in salvage equipment consisted mostly of adding underwater telephones and electric lights, assorted machine tools, automatic pumps, and other such adjuncts to the diving helmet and cover-all suit invented by Augustus Siebe of London around 1837.

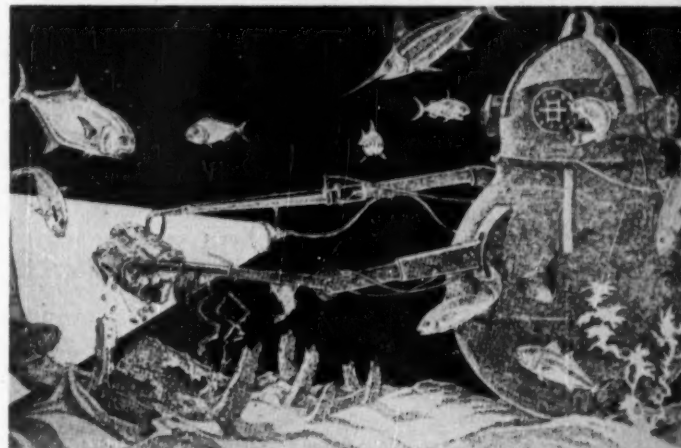
It was with a diving suit and these trappings that U.S. diver Harry E. Rieseberg went to Cumaná Bay, Venezuela, in the days before Pearl Harbor changed the mood of undersea activities, to hunt for the *San Pedro de Alcántara*, a Spanish frigate that took a cargo of loyalist wealth to the bottom during the South American struggle for independence. He did not locate the *San Pedro*, but stumbled on a smaller wreck and managed to find his way into the strong room. The twentieth century has brought no change to the feelings of a treasure hunter in the moment of victory: "I came upon a mound of coins resting snugly between the shattered sides of an old iron chest," he wrote, "and quickly clambered toward it, excitement running through my whole being. Kneeling down slowly, I began picking up the metal discs. . . . They were roughly cut slugs, solid and octagonal in shape—pieces-of-eight! Here and there were larger coins, thickly corroded and discolored, but as I scratched with my small crowbar, they gleamed dull yellow, even in the green water. Doubloons!" All told, he brought up twenty-one thousand dollars' worth of this ancient money.

Such finds can be made by a man in a diving suit only if the wreck lies no more than three hundred feet down (he would be crushed by the pressure if he went much lower than that), and if he is lucky in fighting off sharks, octopuses, and other sinister creatures of the deep. Both these drawbacks were solved by the observation chamber designed in 1941 by David Isaacs, an

Australian engineer, as part of an effort to recover two and a half million pounds in gold from the H.M.S. *Niagara*, which hit a German mine and lay in four hundred feet of water near Waitemata Harbor, New Zealand. The chamber made possible so much precision in the blasting and hoisting operations that 277 of the 295 pinewood boxes in which the gold was packed were safely restored to the Bank of England. No salvage work had ever before been done at such a depth, and this project by no means made full use of the invention's possibilities—it is strong enough to allow its occupant to work a thousand feet below the surface.

Also out of the war came a new and better type of independent breathing apparatus, the aqualung, which allows a diver to carry his oxygen supply on his back, thus giving him more freedom and eliminating the danger of fouled or broken air lines. This was successfully tested by French divers in 1943.

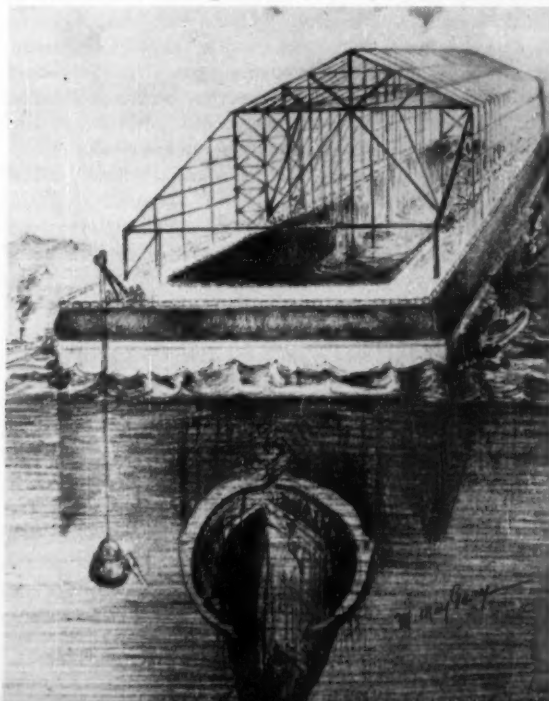
Still more startling innovations are now in the blueprint stage. Diver Rieseberg and Charles G. Warren, a California engineer, have designed a submarine tractor-tank, operated by electric motors enclosed in sealed chambers, that is capable of traveling five miles an hour on the ocean floor. The tank is equipped with five huge



Toggle-jointed submarine robot, another brainchild of Rieseberg and Warren, can be lowered from dry dock to scene of operations by cranes whose grips and claws can drill holes in the steel plates of a ship, pick up small objects, and even tie knots. Since the operator can be kept under normal pressure at all times, the need for a tediously slow ascent to avoid the bends is eliminated.

Rieseberg and Warren have also designed a floating dry dock with a 460-foot well and enormous grapples that can be lowered as much as three thousand feet to take hold of the hull of a sunken ship and lift it into the well, where pontoons can be attached to float it to port. The operations will be directed from a diving robot or "iron man" lowered to a vantage point near the wreck.

Technology, then, is opening new vistas to modern adventurers who still feel the fascination of lost treasure. And who can say how many sunken or buried stacks of gold and silver may yet glimmer in the sunlight? ♦ ♦ ♦



Floating drydock designed by Rieseberg and Warren has grapples capable of reaching hulls resting in three thousand feet of water

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

(Continued from page 18)

America, published by the American Automobile Association, which contain all sorts of useful information, such as approximate mileage and driving times between suggested stopovers. For general background information and specific ideas for sightseeing, try the South American volume of the handy, slightly-larger-than-pocket-size *New World Guides to the Latin American Republics*.

Even the most innocent tourist invariably breathes a sigh of relief after clearing customs, but in Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela, be prepared for provincial customs inspections after crossing the border. Once while traveling from the Colombian frontier to Caracas, for example, I was obliged to open my baggage no less than five separate times for curious local authorities. As I entered the city of Barquisimeto, almost five hundred miles inside Venezuela, one over-zealous inspector tried to seize my shirts as contraband. Thanks to a helpful Venezuelan army captain, I finally succeeded in keeping the shirt on my back and those in my bags after half an hour of heated discussion. Incidents like this are normal hazards along the Pan American Highway.

Most of South America lies in the tropics; there climate is largely determined by altitude rather than latitude, and the seasons are divided into dry and rainy instead of hot and cold. Unfortunately, the seasons do not coincide in all the countries, so you are bound to run into rains and muddy roads somewhere. In southern South America, of course, winter and summer are the reverse of those seasons in the United States. The best time to travel this route is between December and March, for it is then summer, or dry weather, most of the way.

As the Pan American Highway rises and drops through the Andes, you will encounter all sorts of temperatures, so your clothing should range from light summer wear to heavy woollens. The prudent traveler also carries with him a complete set of tools; a few



Christ of the Andes at Uspallata Pass, between Chile and Argentina. Road also affords view of Mt. Aconcagua, Hemisphere's highest. When snow blocks highway, cars may drive through railroad tunnel

spare parts, such as tires and spark plugs; a first-aid kit; an insect sprayer; and a camera. A reserve supply of gasoline, water, food, and drinks need be carried only across certain long or difficult stretches of road, as in Chile's Atacama Desert.

Even though the Pan American motorist cannot follow any rigid timetable, hotel accommodations are almost always available along the way. The major exception to this rule is Buenos Aires, where reservations should be made some time in advance. Accommodations range from suites in big luxury hotels to modest but clean rooms in humble inns. Incidentally, throughout Peru, even in remote regions, you'll find a chain of first-class tourist hotels built by the government.

When stopping at hotels in large cities, be sure to take European plan (without meals), so you can explore the restaurants. For example, though hardly typical, Lima's fabulous Chinatown offers the most genuine Chinese cuisine to be found on this side of the Pacific. Each country offers an array of exotic native dishes and drinks. Besides the famed Argentine beef and Chilean wines, you can sample a delicious fish dish, *ceviche*, in Ecuador; the thick Colombian soup known as *mazamorra*; and the powerful Peruvian grape whiskey called *isco*, to mention only a few.

Wherever you are, take along enough local currency to tide you over until you arrive at a big city, for travelers' checks may be hard to cash elsewhere. The danger of running into bandits is slight, but only a fool would take such unnecessary chances as camping by the roadside. In fact, motoring after dark is strongly discouraged because of hazardous driving conditions, especially in the Andes. Also, you would miss some magnificent scenery.

At almost all points along the highway I found a surprising degree of camaraderie. It is customary to ask the oncoming motorist about road conditions ahead, and all the people you come into contact with—truck drivers, gasoline-station attendants, hotelkeepers, and the like—are invariably courteous and helpful. In Tumbes, Peru,



Last one in is a sissy, though the Pacific is cold at Valparaiso, Chile

for example, I met a Peruvian lawyer, driving a 1951 Hillman, who accompanied me all the way to Lima. His company and knowledge of the country converted what might otherwise have been an uneventful trip into an intensely interesting experience.

Most of the traffic I encountered along the Pan American Highway consisted of trucks and buses, plus occasional llamas, pack mules, and oxcarts. Over many stretches I had the road all to myself.

Assuming you start from the port of La Guaira, Venezuela, in December, here are some of the highlights of your prospective journey:

As you wind up to Caracas, your first view of South America is one of spectacular mountain scenery (unless you go by way of the shortcut now being tunneled through the mountains to the capital). You will probably not linger there, for Venezuela is one of the world's most



Author ended his odyssey at Buenos Aires with paean of praise for Argentine roads, best in South America

expensive countries. Here the Pan American Highway is a section of the Simón Bolívar Highway, extending through Colombia to Guayaquil, Ecuador. Leaving Caracas, the highway shoots westward over rolling mountains, then gradually unwinds to the Caribbean through tropical jungle country. This gives way to arid desert before the road starts climbing into the Andes.

The precarious ascent, which should be started early in the day, takes you to an altitude of 13,500 feet at Mucuchies Paramo. Here the road is narrow and slippery, often enveloped in fog; precipices at its side drop a mile below, calling for all your ingenuity as a driver. At the top of the cold, desolate paramo stands the eagle monument commemorating Bolívar's crossing of the Andes, and beside it is a hostelry, which serves what seemed to me at the time the best hot chocolate I ever tasted. Next the highway drops abruptly into a warm valley, then scrambles over another plateau, this time at only ten thousand feet. The rest of the way to the Colombian border is easy.

Because of the pleasantly contrasting Colombian prices, the frontier city of Cúcuta virtually lives on trade and contraband, with money changers operating from street kiosks. Cúcuta lies only six hundred feet above sea level,

in what the Colombians call *tierra caliente*. But the hot land cools off quickly as you scale the mountains again to the 12,500-foot Almorzadero Paramo. After snaking into a warm valley with lush tropical vegetation, the highway to the capital proceeds across a high plateau.

Bogotá, 8,660 feet above sea level on a broad mountain plain or *sabana*, is a sober city, and its conservative populace remains faithful to many of the customs of old Spain. The highway from Bogotá crosses the Magdalena River, via a suspension bridge, at the popular resort town of Girardot, then shoots up to twelve-thousand-foot Quindío Pass. From this point you gradually enter the beautiful and fertile green Cauca Valley, with a spring-like climate and magnificent scenery. For 177 miles you now hit the only really level stretch of highway in Colombia. The pleasant town of Cali, which all visitors find disarming, is a short distance off the highway by paved road and well worth a visit.

In aristocratic and colonial Popayán you will probably want to spend two or three days exploring the ornate and remarkably well-preserved sixteenth- and seventeenth-century churches. For the next hundred miles the going gets rough, for the highway is so narrow and twisting that control stations every ten or twenty miles permit only one-way traffic. This section is not recommended to those suffering from acrophobia, for your car seems to hang precariously on the side of the mountain, but if you are stout-hearted you will find the panorama richly rewarding. The rest of the way to the Ecuadorean border is over high rolling country planted to wheat in many places. Before leaving Colombia, don't fail to visit the exquisitely beautiful religious shrine of Las Lajas, just a fifteen-minute drive off the main highway from the border town of Ipiales.

Curiously, in Ecuador the countryside changes abruptly, as if there were a physical dividing line. Along the cobblestone highway dating back hundreds of years, you pass through dilapidated colonial towns peopled by gaily dressed Indians. On all sides you catch magnificent close-ups of snowcapped mountain peaks.

Going south, you top the Boliche Paramo, 12,200 feet up in the clouds, and then ride into an arid valley, where Negroes are living in thatched huts. The road swoops up again as you approach the scenic lake region around Ibarra and Otavalo. If you have a good sense of timing, you should try to be in Otavalo on a Saturday morning, for the colorful Indian market is an experience you will never forget.

Continuing southward, you make a strangely chilly crossing of the equator. Quito, colonial-style capital of Ecuador, lies just sixteen miles south of it, and you can spend days visiting the city's fabulous churches. Below Quito is the "garden city" of Ambato, site of the disastrous 1949 earthquake. Before continuing from Quito, it is wise to check on highway conditions south to the Peruvian border, for the cobblestone road ends at Riobamba in central Ecuador, and driving after heavy rains is a nightmare. There are two routes, but the second is generally the only feasible one. The Pan American Highway runs south through rugged moun-

tain terrain and over another paramo, then turns westward at Loja, descending to lowland jungle country and crossing the frontier at the Aguas Verdes River. The alternate route starts at Latacunga, fifty-six miles south of Quito, and drops to stifling Guayaquil via the Daule River valley. From Guayaquil, Ecuador's chief port, you must put your car aboard a river steamer for an eight-hour trip to Puerto Bolívar, where a dirt road takes you to the border.

Soon after you enter Peru, the terrain changes to desert, and most of the Peruvian section of the highway continues through barren country. Fortunately, more than half the route is over a paved, level highway within sight of the Pacific, so you can open up your throttle.

During the drive down to Lima, the scenery changes little; on the right is the sea and on the left the high, brown walls of the Andes. Although you are in the tropics, the entire coast is cooled by the Humboldt Current from the Antarctic. The only difficulty I encountered was drifting sand blowing across the road. Green river valleys and interesting sand patterns help to relieve the monotony.

Lima is a two-to-three-day drive from the border. With its broad, tree-lined boulevards and contrasting modern and colonial architecture, it is considered by many the handsomest city on the continent. From there you can make a number of provocative side trips. You can drive up into the cordillera to Huancayo, for example—a Sunday tourist haunt because of its picturesque Indian market. The best way to travel to the legendary Inca city of Cuzco is by plane, for the road route is extremely arduous.

South of Lima to the Chilean border the highway is much the same as in northern Peru, except that it turns inland more often. As you approach Arequipa, starting point of the branch of the Pan American Highway that leads to Lake Titicaca and Bolivia, you take to the mountains again. Don't attempt the Bolivian route during the rainy season (December to March), for then the roads are virtually impassable. But if it's the dry season, there are certain compensations, for Bolivia, with its windswept high plateau and Aymará and Quechua Indians, is a fascinating country. At best, however, the journey is an ordeal because of rudimentary roads and the lack of accommodations. Actually, Bolivia depends more on railroads and airplanes than on roads for contact with the outside world. I strongly recommend that you follow the route through Chile, which, despite its shortcomings, is far superior.

For almost a thousand miles the Chilean leg of the highway passes through the Atacama Desert, as arid a region as any in the world. Rain has never been recorded over much of this area; it is too dry even for cactus. The sand-swept road runs along a two-thousand-foot plateau between the Andes and the sea, and occasionally dips into deep gullies. I literally ate dust along this stretch of highway. It is a good idea to take along a reserve supply of water and gasoline, for over most of the route there are few signs of life except some scattered nitrate camps, many of which are now ghost

towns. For relief from the rugged desert driving, stop off at the pleasant seaside cities of Arica, Iquique, and Antofagasta.

In central Chile the desert is left behind, and the landscape again turns green. Here is the bachelor's dreamland, for Chilean women are famed for their beauty and charm, the climate is invigorating, and the wine is the best in the Hemisphere. One of the most popular tourist spots is Viña del Mar, which, with its rocky coast, stately old mansions, and lavish gambling casino, is much like the French Riviera. After passing through the busy port of Valparaíso, you reach the capital—Santiago, a city noted for its gracious living—via a fine paved highway. Before leaving Chile, a drive southward to the beautiful lake region is definitely in order.

To reach Argentina, you cross the Andes at the 12,800-foot Uspallata Pass, where the symbolic Christ of the Andes marks the boundary. From the pass you catch an awe-inspiring view of the highest peak in the Hemisphere, Aconcagua. Gradually the road then descends to the wine city of Mendoza in the Andean foothills of Argentina.

Argentina's network of highways is the best and most extensive in South America. From Mendoza a paved ribbon leads straight across the vast Argentine pampa through a wide expanse of wheat and cattle country. Buenos Aires is the largest city in the southern hemisphere. With its sidewalk cafes, gay night life, and fashionable stores, it is like an Old World city transplanted to the shores of America. A number of short trips can be made out of Buenos Aires under driving conditions as good as those to be found anywhere in the Hemisphere. The most popular excursion is over Route 2 to the resort city of Mar del Plata.

In Paraguay there is a gap of about a hundred miles. That country's share of the Pan American Highway now consists of the short run from Itá Enramada to Asunción, the capital, and the Marshal Estigarribia Highway from Asunción to Villarrica.

After covering about 6,600 miles, my particular journey ended in Buenos Aires, but if you yearn to continue northward to Rio, the best route lies through Uruguay. You can ferry across the Río de la Plata to Colonia, and follow the paved highway to the progressive capital, Montevideo. Next the road swings north over gently rolling countryside to the Brazilian border at Rio Branco. The 1,396-mile Brazilian highway takes you over a varied expanse of territory ranging from cool pine forests to the warm slopes of coffee plantations. Now that the new express highway is open between São Paulo and Rio, this leg of the trip has been cut both in time and in mileage.

For all practical purposes the Pan American Highway terminates at Rio de Janeiro. For some years Brazil has considered extending the system across thousands of miles of mountains, plains, and jungles to the borders of Bolivia, Peru, and eventually Venezuela, but until this happy day you will have to retrace your steps for the return trip to Caracas. ♦ ♦ ♦

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 48



1. Is this UN Headquarters, New York's Lever Brothers building, Rio de Janeiro's Ministry of Education and Health, or the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society building?



2. Church in Cartagena, Colombia, named for country's patron saint, known as "the slave of the slaves." Who was he?



3. Peruvian rugs made from a _____ wool, produced by a species of llama. Fill in blank with the rest of the word.



4. Chimborazo is the highest mountain in Ecuador. Is its altitude approximately 3,000; 10,000; 20,500; or 25,000 feet?



5. U.S. town in this south-central state noted for its doubters is named Mexico. Can you identify the state from its silhouette?



6. Why is the girl reading the newspaper *La Estrella de Panamá* upside down?



7. *Cuquita la Mecnógrafa*, comic-strip working girl, is known in United States as Blondie, Tillie the Toiler, Jane Arden, or Mary Worth?



8. The building directly across the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires is the residence of the Argentine president. Is it the White House, La Moneda, the Casa Rosada, or Guanabara Palace?



9. Not a man from Mars, but a Chilean preparing "purple gold," a by-product of the Long Land's nitrate industry. What is it?



10. Fishing villages on stilts similar to this modern one inspired sixteenth-century explorers along South American coast to name the territory "Little Venice." What is the country's name?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EATING YOUR WAY INTO THE NEW YEAR

Dear Sirs:

Your Christmas article ["Season's Greetings," December 1952 AMERICAS] lists a mouth-watering assortment of holiday dishes. How about giving us a chance to try out a few in our own kitchens? . . .

Catherine Brown McCreery
Portland, Oregon

Some of the best—like the delicious Venezuelan hallacas, a kind of tamale—are next to impossible to make in the United States because the ingredients are unavailable. But here are two entirely authentic recipes, from the PAU booklet "Christmas in Latin America," that call for nothing you can't find at the grocery store. The fried shrimp is a Brazilian specialty and was contributed by Mrs. Leonor de M. Stewart. Buñuelos, for dessert, are popular in many of the Spanish-speaking countries.

FRIED SHRIMP

Ingredients: 2 lbs. green shrimp; 2 eggs and 3 egg yolks; 1 tbsp. butter; onion, tomatoes, lemon juice, bay leaf, parsley, salt, black pepper; olive oil; flour; cracker meal.

Wash and shell the shrimp (do not shell their tails). Stick a toothpick in each one to keep them straight. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and let stand overnight. Next day heat olive oil in a pan, add sliced onion and tomato, parsley, bay leaf, and any other desired seasoning. Add the shrimp, cover pan, and fry for fifteen minutes over a moderate flame. Then pour in some water, cover, and let cook for about forty-five minutes. Take out the shrimp and add enough flour to the liquid to make a very light batter. Remove it from the fire, slowly add three egg yolks, one by one, beating gently all the while. Cook the mixture for another five minutes, then add the butter and let it cool. Sprinkle your hands with flour; dip the shrimp in the mixture, allowing their tails to stick out; then dip them in two beaten eggs to which four tablespoons of cold water were added. Roll them in cracker meal and fry in deep fat over a hot flame.

BUÑUELOS

Ingredients: 2-1/2 oz. butter; 2/3 cup sugar; 3 eggs, well beaten; grated rind of 1 lemon; 1 cup water; flour.

Mix butter, sugar, and lemon rind well together. Add eggs, water, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Spread the dough out on a kneading board and cut off small pieces. Drop in deep fat, which must not be too hot. When brown, remove and drain on paper. Serve sprinkled with powdered sugar and cinnamon, or with syrup or honey.

SWAP SHOP

Dear Sirs:

. . . I would like to exchange with other young people anxious to widen their knowledge:

1. Books, magazines, newspapers, photographs, stamps, etc.
2. Correspondence in Portuguese, Spanish, or English.
3. Impressions on all subjects.

Reginaldo Silva
Caixa Postal 596
Vitória, ES, Brazil

Dear Sirs:

As a philatelist fan of AMERICAS, I should like to exchange stamps with readers living in Mexico, the Central American countries, Portuguese colonies in general, and European territories located in the Western Hemisphere. Will those interested in this idea kindly note these conditions: 1) . . . All correspondence should be registered, preferably airmail; 2) I should like to receive no less than sixty stamps each time, all different and only from Mexico, Central America, Portuguese colonies, and UN postal issues; 3) I will immediately reciprocate by registered airmail at the rate of one stamp per stamp received; I will also send different stamps each time, and only from the South American republics.

Alberico Lustosa Corvello
Caixa Postal 1643
São Paulo, SP, Brazil

Dear Sirs:

I would like to exchange photographs (not postal cards) with others on this continent. Size 6 x 16 centimeters (2 1/2 x 6 inches) in black and white glossy prints with sharp details and on diverse international subjects.

Martín Armada Zaldúa
Dr. Lucio 111
México 7, D.F.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to reach through correspondence stamp collectors from Central America and the Antilles, especially Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and Cuba.

José M. Eguía (h)
Agustín Garzón 2364
Córdoba, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

I am very interested in corresponding in English with anyone farming in the region north of Anápolis, Brazil. Are there any people from the United States that have settled on farms in this region? If so, I'd like to hear from them.

Mrs. Kathe. J. Anderson
P.O. Box 191
Guymon, Oklahoma

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

Ramón de Jesús Alvarez (S) Masatochi Sawaguthi (E, S, P)
6, no. 130 - oeste a/c. da Caixa Postal no. 7890
Cárdenas, Mat., Cuba São Paulo, Brazil

Joe S. Yncierte G. Elisabeth Ann Hayter
700 Fort Washington Ave. Crámer 2217
Suite No. 3-i Belgrano. R.
New York 33, N.Y. Buenos Aires, Argentina

Rafael Angel Castro
Apartado 852
San José, Costa Rica

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. UN Headquarters
2. San Pedro Claver
3. Alpaca
4. 20,500
5. Missouri
6. Because she is reading the English half, the *Panama Star and Herald*, printed in reverse of the Spanish
7. Tillie the Toiler
8. The Casa Rosada
9. Iodine
10. Venezuela

Opposite: Abandoned Cape Florida lighthouse, one of the oldest in the United States, stands gaunt and lonely on the beach at Key Biscayne, near Miami



The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica,

was established under a convention signed in 1944. It is supported by quota contributions from each of the twelve governments that have ratified the convention to date, and by gifts or subsidies it receives to carry out special projects. Its objectives are to stimulate and promote the development of the agricultural sciences through research, teaching, and extension activities in the theory and practice of agriculture and related sciences. For more details, or to order publications described below, write to the Scientific Communications Service, Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, Apartado 74, Turrialba, Costa Rica.

Turrialba.

Inter-American agricultural journal.

Published quarterly in January, April,

July, and October. Contains scientific

articles and technical notes on the

agricultural sciences and rural life,

in Spanish or English, and, in Spanish, selected

abstracts of publications on subjects of interest to

those engaged in agricultural research, education, or

extension work; an index of books and pamphlets

received by the Institute's library;

and news. Two-year subscription: \$3.75 U. S.

Cacao.

Formerly Cacao Information

Bulletin. Published

quarterly in two editions:

English and Spanish. Free

distribution to anyone who asks

to be put on mailing list.

Contains articles on the cultivation

of cacao in the principal producing

countries and information on recent research

and events of interest in connection

with cacao production.

Administración Rural,

by John A. Hopkins. Spanish translation

by J. Osorio Tafall of Elements

of Farm Management. Mexico City, Editorial

Atlante, 1952. 440 p. \$4.00 U. S.

Basic reference work for those interested in the problems of organization and management of farms. The author revised the text for this edition, to adapt it to the conditions prevailing in Latin America.

Information Bulletin.

Published monthly in Spanish, and

quarterly in English. Free distribution

to anyone who asks to be put on mailing list.

Contains information on cooperative projects

in member countries, research progress at

Turrialba, and international meetings in which

Institute personnel take part.